Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1837. VOL. VII. No. 21.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor of this print being temporarily absent from the city, many communications that demand his *personal* attention, must remain unanswered. For the same reason, the reports of various races at the West are withheld till his return. A Subscriber at Tuscaloosa will bear this in mind. Zoloe, too, must wait a week for a reply.

In most newspaper establishments, the occasional absence of the Editor creates but slight inconvenience. But when, as is the case with the *Spirit of the Times*, the entire management centres in one individual, and the interests advocated are so peculiar, it is next to impossible to get out a paper in *ship-shape* style without him. Another week will find us all at rights, we hope,—recruited in health and spirits, and better able to carry on the war.

CONTENTS OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

The *First* number of the new volume, published on the 18th February, 1837, contained an *Alphabetical List of* American Winning Horses, Four Mile Heats., during the year 1836—Reports of Races—Matches—On Dits in Sporting Circles—Essays on Blood Stock—Pedigrees, etc., and a great variety of *Sporting Intelligence*.

The *Second* number (25th Feb.) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses*, Three *Mile Heats*, with a great variety of Sporting and Theatrical Intelligence.

The *Third* number (4th March) contained the Pedigrees, Characteristics, and Performances of "the cracks of the day," including *John Buscombe, Post Boy, Mingo, Rodolph*, and *Lizzet*, with the usual variety of other reading matter.

The *Fourth* number (11th March) contains a complete *Alphabetical List of Stallions* for 1837—(consisting of 123 of the most distinguished)—with several communications from Breeders and Farmers in different sections of the country, and other original articles.

The *Fifth* number (18th March) contained a *Complete List of English Winning Horses* of 1836, at all distances, being the only one published in America.

The *Sixth* number (April 15th) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses, Two Mile Heats*.

☞ Back numbers from the commencement of the present volume, will be furnished to new subscribers if desired. Files will also be preserved at the office for binding, at the expiration of the year, for such gentlemen as wish it.

Things Theatrical.

In these holyday times we scarcely expect any great novelties at our theatres. The audiences being composed at such times of the young, and the citizens of the neighboring towns, they are better pleased with the "pomp and circumstance" of showy pieces, than would be altogether grateful to the tastes of veteran play goers. Each house has been filled during the week—indeed not a nook or corner in the city, where any thing like amusement offered itself, but has been crammed with eager spectators.

On Wednesday evening we were happy to see our old friend Barnes, and his amiable and talented daughter, at the *Park*. They were welcomed with feeling by their numerous admirers, and gave ample evidence that they had lost nothing of their acknowledged abilities in their respective styles, since we last had the pleasure of seeing them.

Mrs. Durie took a benefit at the Park on the 5th, and we were extremely gratified to see so full and respectable an auditory. Barrett played *Puff* wonderfully well, bating only the introduction of a few coarse jests, which he should hereafter omit.

For his benefit, last Thursday evening, Mr. Barrett gave us a regular Bowery bill. Mr. and Mrs. Flynn and Gates were up. The house was fair, and Mr. B., we trust, put money in his purse.

With the entertainments of Saturday, which are for the benefit of Miss Wheatly, the Park season closes. That the season has been profitable to the management of that theatre, we sincerely hope and believe; that it has been creditable to it, as well as to the city, we know. We can recollect nothing throughout the year connected with that theatre which we could wish had been otherwise. An uninterrupted succession of stars has given variety to the amusement. Miss Tree and Power, the Keeleys and the beautiful Augusta, and we know not how many others have each in turn reigned there. Not once has it been disgraced with a row, nor once reduced to the necessity of contemptible puffery and persuasion to congregate an audience. In all respects the management has been spirited and most respectable. Again we hope that it has not been unrewarded.

It does not yet appear to be understood who is to preside over the destinies of the Bowery the coming year. So soon as known to us, the interesting fact shall be made known to our readers.

The eccentric Booth was announced to appear at the *Bowery* on the glorious Fourth, and we have not heard that he disappointed his admirers.

The little *Franklin* flared up like a bantam, and was brimming during the week.

Niblo will bring his arrangements for the performance of *vaudevilles*, and the like, to perfection next week. John Sefton superintends their "getting up," and will be assisted by Plumer and Bishop. Mrs. Bailey is engaged for them, as we learn. They will be a great novelty, and could not be commenced under better auspices. We will report next week more particularly.

Our Montreal contemporaries complain that their theatre is sadly supported, though the company combines great talent. Among this number, we recognise many favorites from the *States*, as Mrs. McLean, Mr. Field, Mr. Ogley, and others. The company is under the management of Mr. Preston.

THE ALPINE SPANIEL.

There is not a more interesting variety among the numerous tribes of domesticated dogs than the spaniel of the Great St. Bernard's. He is the auxiliary of man in the noblest offices of humanity.

The spaniel of the Swiss Alps is the largest and handsomest of the spaniel tribe. He has longer legs than other spaniels, and often measures two feet from the ground to the top of the shoulders, which, with carrying his head loftily, gives him the appearance of a yet greater height. From the nose to the tip of the tail the spaniel of the Alps often measures five feet. His coat is curly and thick set, with short wooly fur at the roots of the hair, and such as all animals have in cold climates. His feet are protected by a covering of thick fur, which also facilitates his climbing the frozen surfaces of the mountains, and the glaciers and icy ridges which form the region of his duties. Stories that seem incredible are told of the sagacity, fine intelligence, and, we may say, the benevolence of these animals. The delicacy of their scent is less surprising. The regular duties of the dogs belonging to the Hospice, is to search for persons overtaken by sudden gusts in these snowy and stormy regions—to rouse the traveller sinking into the stupifying sleep which ends but in death—to guide him to shelter, and to minister in other ways to his safety and refreshment. The dogs of the monastery will scent the body of a man lying many feet below the snow-drift; and scratching away the snow with their feet, begin the peculiar bark which gives intimation to their human allies of the discovery, that other relief may be administered, and the man be either restored to life, or obtain the rites of Christian sepulture, after being recognised by his friends. During storms the dogs go abroad in parties. One is often furnished with a small vial of brandy slung to his collar, another with a cloak tied up and fastened on his back, for the use of any unfortunate traveller they may have the chance to encounter in their range among the ravines and frozen ridges of the Alps. Though these animals are all noble creatures, there are heroes and *Great Dogs* among them, distinguished from their kind by superior courage, sagacity, and generosity. One of these was named Barry, who, during his career, had saved the lives of forty persons. In the *Sketches of Dogs* we are told that "his zeal was indefatigable. Whenever the mountain was enveloped in fogs and snow, he set out in search of lost travellers. He was accustomed to run barking until he lost his breath, and would frequently venture upon the most perilous places. When he found his strength insufficient to draw from the snow a traveller benumbed with cold, he would run back to the hospital in search of the monks.

One day this interesting animal found a child in a frozen state between the bridge of Dronaz and the ice-house of Balsora. He immediately began to lick him, and having succeeded in restoring animation, and the perfect recovery of the boy, by means of his caresses, he induced the child to tie himself round his body, and in this way he carried the poor little creature in triumph to the hospital. When old age deprived him of strength, the Prior of the convent pensioned him at Berne, by way of reward. He is now dead, and his body stuffed and deposited in the museum of that town."

Another of the dogs belonging to the Monastery was decorated with a medal commemorating his exploits. He had saved the lives of twenty-two individuals, and perished at last, in 1816, in an attempt to guide a traveller home to his family. This was the Piedmontese Courier, who arrived at the Hospice during very stormy weather, in attempting to reach the village of St. Pierre, where his wife and children resided. The monks endeavored to dissuade him from so perilous an adventure; but, as he continued resolute, they gave him two guides, accompanied by two of their dogs, one of which was the noble creature which had already done so much for humanity. While this party proceeded from the Hospice, the anxious family of the courier were laboring up the mountain to gain tidings of their father and head. The same avalanche swept both the groups into a common destruction, and the canine benefactor of mankind perished at his post.

THE UNINVITED ONE.

"O noctes cœnæque!—Horat., *Serm. Lib. ii. Sat. 6.*

Upon my word, 'tis very hard,
Quoth little Mr. B.,
I cannot get a single card
For dinner, ball, or tea.
The Smith's on Wednesday had a rout,
And so had Mrs. Gun:
They both contrived to leave me out,
The uninvited one.

Last week, my neighbor, Mr. Moore,
A dinner gave, they say—
And though I called two days before,
The hint was thrown away.
This very night, there's Mrs. Delf
Has got a Sally Lun,
And yet, alas! I find myself
The uninvited one.

It much surprised me, too, when Browne,
Who's reckoned so polite,
At breakfast *fêting* half the town,
That day forgot me quite;—
'Tis very odd, yet I don't know
What harm I can have done,
That I should be, while others go,
The uninvited one.

At Lady Lappet's fancy ball
Some fancied me a guest;
Oh! no—I got no card at all
"The honor to request."
I heard each carriage stop, alas!
With Spaniard, Turk, and nun,—
It seems these *fêtes* just come, to pass
The uninvited one.

To take their tea with old Miss Love
Last night what numbers went!
And though she lives two doors above,
To me no note was sent.
I'll tell you what I thought of—(but
Excuse a little pun)—
That, like her cake, *I* then was *cut*,
The uninvited one.

Young Twist, who lives at No. 4,
Displayed on Monday night
A supper for at least a score,
But I got no invite.
They kept it up, I heard it said,
Almost till rise of sun,—
While I at ten crept into bed,
The uninvited one.

The archers met not long ago,
Which gave me sorrows real,—
I'm such a shot,—but now my bow,
Is but a bow ideal.
The belles,—more lovely ne'er were seen,—
The contest arch begun,
I! (was not there in Lincoln-green,)
The uninvited one.

When lately dined the London Mayor
At Greenwich, though I set
A trap to be invited there,
No white bait could I get.
And thus, while others daily roam
In search of mirth and fun,
I'm forced, alack! to stay at home,
The uninvited one.

It very often causes tears,
And now and then a frown,
To think because I'm up in years,
That in the world I'm down.
Ah! would but Fortune change my lot,
And make me, whom they shun,
An heir with many friends, and not
The uninvited one!

In short, to go out, while I've breath,
No more shall I be task'd,
And even to the Dance of Death
'Tis doubtful if I'm ask'd.
"The Undying" and "The Doom'd" may whine,
Yet find their woes outdone,
For what their fate compared with mine,
The Uninvited One!

A.A.C.

FASHIONABLE SPORTSMEN.

A young man of fashion, for to such only does my censure apply, thinks that certain expenses are indispensably necessary to his happiness. The cost of a wife, he calculates, must diminish the means of gratifying his personal luxuries; therefore he will not marry until he shall have lost the taste and activity for shooting, hunting, and yachting. Then, however, the funds appropriated to these expensive pursuits may, he thinks, be directed to the support of a matrimonial establishment. How could a young man of fashion exist without a shooting-place in the country, with a train of keepers to preserve his game, and dogs to run it down, whatever may be the cost? A moor in the Highlands of Scotland, for grouse-shooting, it would be impossible to forego; and a party to partake its amusements must be assembled. This gratification is obtained at the sacrifice of several hundreds; but the payer has the pleasure of reading in the papers, that he and his guests shot so many hundred brace of birds on certain days, and *he* is satisfied. Many are they who frequent the Highlands with little or no desire for shooting; but who, having no rational pursuit, are at a loss to know how to employ the two months that intervene between the close of the London season and the opening of the hunting one; consequently, at the mandate of fashion, seek this mode of getting rid of time. The young men of fashion *must*, therefore, hunt at Melton; and to do so with "decent dignity," requires an establishment of grooms and helpers that would astonish Nimrod himself, could he behold them; and the bills for which seldom fail to astonish the purses of their owners. But it is not the horses and grooms alone that consume thousands at Melton; the *chasseurs* find that French cooks alone can produce such banquets as they require to recruit their exhausted frames, and collect at their tables the "best society." During the interminable evenings, the chace of the day furnishes the inexhaustable topic of conversation, each biped arrogating to himself the merit that belongs solely to his more intelligent quadrupeds. Prolix details of asserted equestrian prowess—each narrator the hero of his own tale—enlivened by episodical histories of their favorite hunters, past and present, fill up the hours that intervene between dinner and the period of retiring to bed; unless cards or dice are introduced, to diversify this rational mode of whiling away the drowsy hours. Many of the *chasseurs* at Melton are as little partial to hunting as those who frequent the Highland moors are to grouse-shooting. The truth of this assertion is best proved by the joyous alacrity with which, the moment a frost sets in, they rush up to London, like boys released from school, and plunge into all the amusements and dissipation of the Metropolis, until a thaw sends them down again with lengthened faces and shortened purses, to renew their sport. How often is the thermometer examined with wistful eyes, and an approach to the freezing point hailed with pleasure! You will naturally wonder why so heavy an expense as a hunting establishment is incurred, if they who entail it on themselves like not the amusement. Fashion, ostentation, and the puerile desire of even that species of celebrity which this extravagance can acquire, furnish the inducements; added to the reflection of the utter impossibility of otherwise filling up the winter months.

Lady Blessington's Victims of Society.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

Marylebone.—Zeal for Justice.—Mary Donohue was on Tuesday brought to this office, having been found in the street squatting on a basket of linen, and very drunk.

Mr. Hoskins—What have you to say to this, Mrs. Donohue?

Mrs. Donohue—I've a mighty dale to say, your honor, and when your honor shall hear my story, I'm sure you'll not be angry or displeased at all, at all.

Mr. Hoskins—Well, what is it?

Mrs. Donohue—I must be after telling you that Paddy Burk, and other countrymen of mine, after a long hargument over a pot of mild half-and-half, came to the conclusion that Greenacre would not be hung. "Why not?" says I. "Kase," says Paddy, "he's a cliver fellow, and will chate the hangman, as he chated the other woman." "Oh! bad luck to him, then, but he shan't escape anyhow," says meeself, for I'll go and see justice done to him. So, accordingly, I goes to the Ould Bailey, and had the satisfaction of seeing him dacently and expeditiously hexecuted wid me own eyes, your honor.

Mr. Hoskins—And so you got tipsy afterwards?

Mrs. Donohue—Your honor's jist guessed it. I was so mightily well plased at what I had seen, that I could not help taking a drop; and hope upon sich an occasion your honor will forgive me. The man wot cuts off a woman's head can be no friend to the shemale sex anyhow; and though I dislikes cruelty, I think he ought to be burnt to death, so that he may be after remimbering the smart for the rest of his days.

After a caution from the magistrate to avoid drinking, Mrs. Donohue was dismissed.

Dublin Police, Jenry-street.—Six gentlemen, who, from their rakish dress and appearance, it was not very difficult to surmise had spent the night before in the fashionable and exciting amusement called larking, were introduced to the board room under the conduct of sundry policemen, watchmen, and constables. The gentlemen, nothing daunted, stepped boldly forward, and arrayed themselves in tolerable order along the outer bar of the office, and awaited in modest silence the usual interrogatories.

Magistrate (addressing the first in the room)—Pray, sir, what is your name?

Prisoner—Jim Crow.

Magistrate—And yours?

Second prisoner—Mr. James Crow.

Magistrate—Yours?

Third prisoner—Jem Crow.

Magistrate—Your name, sir?

Fourth prisoner—I am Jemmy Crow, at your service.

Magistrate—What may you be called?

Fifth prisoner—'Pon honor, must 'pologize—my name is plain Shammus Crow.—[Peals of laughter.]

Magistrate (addressing the last)—Well, sir, I suppose we are done with the Crows.—Who do you represent?

Sixth prisoner—Oh, sir, I am the father of all the little Crows—fine family; don't you think so, your worship?

The constable here came forward, and said the gentlemen, he supposed, were out on a bit of a spree, and happening to pass by the watchhouse, for the gag of the thing thought they might as well step in; but being refused admission, they swore good round oaths that no d——l bulky should keep them out, and immediately proceeded to the assault. The garrison stoutly maintained their ground for some time, but were reluctantly compelled to yield to superior prowess; the assailants absolutely took the place by storm, and entered in triumph, compelling their vanquished enemies to throw down their watch-poles. When they got in, joining hands, they sung and danced the well-known air, "Jim Crow." While in the height of their glee, and perhaps grown careless from their recent victory, they did not keep strict watch, so that reinforcements gradually poured in, and mastered the victors yet exulting in their victory.

Middlesex County Court, Kingsgate-Sreet.—*Real Dairy-fed Pork.*—The plaintiff was a sturdy-looking pig-dealer, and sought to recover from the defendant the price of two pigs, or rather piglings, which he had sold to him, under an understanding that if they "did well," and "got on likely," within a fortnight they were to be paid for: but if not—that is, if they turned sickly, or otherwise required medical assistance, then the bargain was to be considered null and void.

Mr. Dubois—I understand; and now pray tell us how did the pigs turn out?

Defendant—Regler warmints. One on'em died on the Monday as I had him on the Friday, and I killed the other to save his life.—(laughter).

Commissioner—Did you?—and why didn't you endeavour to save the life of the first pig?

Defendant—Oh, so I did; he was tuck werry well on the Sunday, and arter I'd sent for adwice, we gave him some brimstone and muster. Beggs come and cut his tail, but he got worser and worser and worser, and afore morning he warnt no more—(laughter).

A Juryman—And what did you do with him?

Defendant—Oh, he was a wery nice *barrer* pig, and looked very delicate, so I sent him to market 'long of t'other one, for a "dairy fed," and werry nice the meat looked, I can sure yer.

A Juryman—What price did it fetch?

Defendant—O'na "two-and-eight" (2s. 8d. a stone—4d. per pound).

A Juryman—And do you suppose that the deceased pig was sold for human food?

Defendant—Carn't say, but I see'd a sassage maker a looking werry 'ard on it, and I der say he mought a bort it. Why, the legs on it looked jest as if it went off in the nattera! way—and when a bit of pork comes to be scored nicely, and well skivered up, it comes werry deceitful—(laughter).

After a long inquiry as to the precise time of the pig's death, the case was decided in favor of the defendant, and the plaintiff left the Court grunting forth no small compliments on the decision of the far more than usually respectable and intelligent jury.

Dark Night.—The following is the next best thing to evidence concerning the stone "*as big as a piece of chalk.*"—"Were you travelling on the night this affair took place?" "I should say I was, Sir." "What kind of weather was it?" Was it raining at the time?" It was so dark that I couldn't see it raining; but I felt it dropping, though." "How dark was it?" "I had no way of telling, but it was not light by a jug full." Can't you compare it to so nothing?" "Why, if I was going to compare it to anything, I should say it was about as a stack of black cats."

A DAY ON THE NEILGHERRY HILLS.

BY AN OLD FOREST-RANGER.

. . . . . .

The scene is now changed to one of those wild solitary valleys through which the superfluous water of the hills makes its escape, and rushes on its headlong course down the almost perpendicular side of the mountain. From hence the glowing plains of the Carnatic are seen extended like a living map 8000 feet below the spectator. The valley itself presents a scene of wild and savage grandeur, contrasting beautifully with the luxuriant palm groves and voluptuous sunshine of the low country, over which the eye wanders, for many leagues, till it is lost in the dreamy indistinctness of the distance, where earth and sky become blended in a red fiery haze. Light fleecy clouds are hurried swiftly across the heavens, and shivered, as it were, against the craggy peaks of the granite mountain, which towers high amidst the region of storms, whilst all around is hushed, silent, and motionless, as the sleep of infancy. The only sound which breaks the death-like stillness is the wild, unearthly cry of the great black monkey—a deep, loud "wooh! wooh!" which rising suddenly, and at long intervals, from the gloomy recesses of the wood, has a strange, startling effect, and suggests to one's mind the idea of a stray satyr calling to his mates.

Mansfield and Charles have just taken up their position behind the shelter of a palmira bush.

The former, accustomed to such scenes, is sitting with his ponderous rifle across his knee, his thumb resting on the cock, and his head turned a little on one side, watching, with the unwearied patience of an Indian hunter, to catch the faintest sound; whilst the more romantic Charles, allowing his weapon to lie idly by his side, gazes with rapture on the glorious view, and, if I am any judge of physiognomy, is thinking more of his pretty cousin than of the deer.

The hounds have opened on the scent. "Down! down!—crouch like a panther!" whispered Mansfield, seizing Charles by the arm, and pulling him more behind the shelter of the bush. "Do you remark that crackling amongst the dry branches just below us? It is a deer, and he will break at that opening where you see a beaten path like a sheep-track. It is their regular run; keep your eye upon the spot, and watch."

"I see him, whispered Charles, cocking his rifle, and making a motion to rise. "I see his antlers moving above that bush of wild jessamine."

Stay, stay, my boy—not so fast," replied Mansfield, smiling at the eagerness of his young companion. "It requires a little more experience than you have had, to judge whereabouts a stag's shoulder should lie, when nothing but the points of his horns are visible. Don't fire till you can see his body. He is listening intently to the hounds, and does not observe us, so there is no hurry. Now then he moves—now!"

A sharp crack—a dull plashing sound—the noble stag plunges madly forward—and over, over, over he rolls, staining the green herbage with his life-blood, which gushes fast from a rugged hole in his side.

Mansfield's peon springs forward with the bound of a tiger, and, muttering a short prayer, like a good Mussulman as he is, buries the long glittering blade of a hunting-knife in the throat of his victim. The "stricken deer" gasps painfully for breath—his wide nostril is distended—his bloodshot eye rolls wildly for a moment—his limbs quiver in the last agony—he heaves a long shuddering sigh, and dies.

This was the first deer that Charles had ever seen fall, and his heart smote him as he witnessed its dying struggles.

Is not this rather a cruel amusement? whispered conscience. Does not your savage nature relent as you see this graceful creature weltering in his blood, and, in his last agonies, bending his dark, languid eye upon your face, as if asking, What have I done to deserve this? Do you not almost wish that the fatal ball had sped less truly to its mark?

Mansfield, who had watched the working of his companion's features, as he gazed pensively on the dying stag, here interrupted him with a gentle tap on the shoulder.

"I can read your thoughts, boy, and they do credit to your heart. Even I, old sportsman as I am, can sympathise with you in a feeling which many men affect to call weakness, but which I consider merely as a proof of a good heart, and one which no man need be ashamed of. I can look unmoved on the dying struggles of the foaming boar. I even experience a sort of savage setisfaction, as the last faint growl rattles in the throat of the surly bear; and the expiring roar of the vanquished bear is music in my ears. But I never yet slew a deer that a feeling of pity, such as you now experience, did not immediately succeed the burst of exultation which invariably accompanies a well-directed shot; and yet, the very next moment, I was exerting my utmost skill to accomplish the death of some other animal, and felt all the disappointment of a baffled tiger if my ball did not take effect. We are strange unaccountable animals in this respect. But I am satisfied it is not cruelty—it is not a thirst for blood which inspires us with a love for the chase. No! it is a far nobler feeling;—a species of ambition—a love of enterprise; the pleasure arising from which depends entirely on the difficulties to be surmounted in the attainment of our object. What satisfaction, for instance, would it give a sportsman to be turned loose in a park, full of fallow deer, where, if shedding blood were his object, he might gratify that propensity to his heart's content? None whatever. There are no difficulties to be surmounted, and he would look upon himself in the light of a butcher. But after a long day's stalking through a Highland glen—after making a round of many weary miles to get down the wind of the ever watchful deer—after creeping through the heather like a snake, and wearing his knees to the bone amongst the course gravel of a dry watercourse,—how breathless that moment of intense anxiety to the sportsman when he first ventures to raise his head above the sheltering bank, and finds the object of all his labor, a noble stag of ten tines, still feeding quietly in the very spot where he first observed him! And, oh! the electric thrill of exultation, when the crack of his rifle is answered by that dull soft *thud*, grateful to the sportsman's ear as the voice of her he loves; and the proud stag, bounding high into air, falls gasping on the bloody heath! Bah! the sensations of a young lady on receiving her first proposal are nothing to this. But hark! the merry music of the hounds comes sweeping by us on the blast, and scatters all my romantic and moralizing ideas to the four winds of heaven.—Hurra!"

But 'twere long to tell of all the deer that fell in the course of this beat. Suffice it to say that many proud antlered heads bowed before the unerring rifle of Mansfield; and that the worthy Doctor expended more than his usual allowance of ammunition, with even less than his usual success.

The party had assembled at luncheon by the time Mansfield and Charles joined them; and as they approached, their ears were saluted with the loud tones of old Lorimer's voice, swearing as usual by "the beard of the Prophet," and "the bones of his ancestors," while he vented his wrath, in no very measured terms, against the unfortunate Doctor.

"Well, you d—d long slip of anatomy, you expect to get something to line your ungodly maw, do you, after the good service you have done us to-day? Bones of my ancestors, man! it might grumble long enough before you filled it with venison of your own killing, although, to do you justice, you are as good a shot at a venison-pasty as any one I know. Why, you vender of ratsbane! what the devil were you thinking of, to let all those deer pass you? Fifteen shots have I seen you fire this blessed day—fifteen shots, by the beard of the Prophet! and not a hoof to show for them. Hang it, man, that last hind passed so close, you might have thrown salt on her tail, and yet, after four shots away she went, bounding over the hills like a kangaroo, with half of the hounds at her heels; and when we shall get them back again the devil only knows. Speak, you misbegotton son of Esculapius! Why don't you speak, and let us hear what you have to say for yourself?"

The Doctor, who was well accustomed to the old gentleman's eccentric ways, and knew him to be one of those privileged characters who say and do whatever they like, without giving offence to any one, sat very coolly exploring the inmost recesses of a venison-pasty, whilst he listened with imperturbable gravity to this harangue. At length, bolting an enormous mouthful, and washing it down with a long pull at the *brandy-panee*, he thus replied, still keeping his knife ready to resume his attack on the pasty.

"Ca' cannie, Sir!—ca' cannie! For ony sade, dinna be puttin yersell throughither that gaet. It's no good for the digestion It's an unco bad thing for a person o' your plethoric habit to be giving way to sic violent emotions sae soon after meals. Do you no ken, Sir, it's very apt to bring on a fit o' apoplexy? Gude preserve us! but he's gettin awfu' red in the face! It's amaist black! I'm thinkin, Sir, I'll need to tak some blude frae you. Just bide a wee till I get my lance," continued the Doctor, coolly turning up his sleeves, "I'll no be a crack."

"You and your *lance* be hanged!" roared the old gentleman trying to look fierce, but quite unable to suppress a laugh. "Sit down, you vampire, and say your say without farther circumlocution."

"Weel, then, Sir, replied the Doctor, eyeing a savory morsel which he had just empaled on his fork. "Weel, then, I'll just tell you, in three words, that it was your ain fault, and ne fault o' mine, that se mony o' the deer jinkit past me this same day."

"My fault, Sir! how the devil do you make out that it was my fault?"

"'Deed, then, Mr. Lorimer, it was just your fault, and nobody else's. Ye will persist in garrin me aye shoot wi' a single bullet, and ane o' thae bits o'rifles, that lets ne mare crack than a pen-gun; although I've threippet on you till I'm weariet, that I hae no skill o' sic like newfangled weapons, and am no fit to hit a peat-stack wi' ane o'them. But just gie me a gude honest fusee, wi plenty o' pouther, to gar it tell against a body's cheek, and a nivefu' o' grit shot on the top o' that, and I'll cation mysell to ding as mony staigs as any o' you—no exceptin yoursell, Sir; or that cheil Mansfield, wha maks sic a phraze aboot his rifle gun, and his lang ranges, I'il may be no kill a beast on the ither side o' ane o' thae glens, whare ye need the prospee-glass to see whether it's a' dun deer or a grey soo that ye'r firin at. But faith, there's no mony o'them 'ill gi' me the jink if ance they come within a christianlike distance."

What answer old Lorimer would have given to the Doctor's heretical plan of employing "plenty o' pouther, and a nivefu' o' grit shot," is unknown, although, I suspect, he was just then on the point of consigning the Doctor and his fusee to the bottomless pit. But, luckily for them, Ishmail at this moment stepped forward, with his usual profound salaam, to report that the stray hounds had been collected.

The fragments of the luncheon were quickly disposed of, the cigars lighted, and the whole party moved off in the wake of Ishmail and his hounds, to beat that famous glen, below the Todah-Mund, which every Neilgherry sportsman must recollect, as being the favorite resort both of bears and tigers.

It is rather a ravine than a glen. A deep rent in the side of the mountain, so narrow that the light of day can hardly penetrate. The rocky sides rise abruptly to the height of 500 feet, rugged and splintered, as if torn asunder—and no doubt they have been—by some grand convulsion of nature.

The bottom is clothed with an almost impenetrable underwood of tangled bamboo; whilst along the sides a few guarded, misshapen trees, chiefly rhododendrons, shoot out from amongst the crevices of the rocks, stretching their fantastic branches, all glowing with scarlet flowers, across the ravine, and weaving their snake-like roots into every fissure which affords the slightest prospect of moisture; their moss-grown bark and distorted limbs proving how hard a struggle they must have to extract sufficient nourishment from the niggardly soil.

The information which old Lorimer had received of his friend the bear's man-eating propensities, made him more than ever anxious to ensure his destruction.

All the known outlets were strongly guarded, and on every high peak which commanded a good view might be seen the motionless figure of a native, perched like some huge bird of prey, and watching with eagle glance to prevent the possibility of any animal stealing away unobserved.

All being stationed at their respective posts, the gallant Ishmail contemplated the distribution of the forces with a grim smile of satisfaction, and fiercely twirling his long moustache, which curled upwards to his eyes, shouted, in a loud clear tone, to the dog-keepers "Cher do!"* At the signal twenty impatient hounds bounded from the kash, and dashed into cover. "Have at him, my little tigers! Whose dogs are we that he should laugh at our beards? By the hump of the holy camel, he shall this day be made to eat dirt. Show your ugly snout, —meet me if you dare—you grey-headed *hau'chect*.† I defile your mother's grave, and spit on your father's beard;" so saying, Ishmail drew his heavy *tulwar*, or native sword—and wrapping his *cumberbund*‡ tightly round his left arm to act as a shield in case of necessity, stalked, with an air of determined resolution, into the gloomy jungle.

"There goes old Ishmail, with his whiskers bristling like an enraged tiger-cat," exclaimed Mansfield, laughing, as he watched these proceedings from his place of concealment amongst the rocks. "His blood is fairly up now, and he is determined to make the bear show his grey muzzle, even if he drives him out at the point of the sword. Hark! they have found already."

Deep and angry now arose the baying of the eager hounds from out the gloomy depths of the ravine, and wildly did the prolonged echoes reverberate the sound. But it was no longer the musical chime with which they swept along on the hot scent of the flying deer.

The sound was now stationary, and the short angry barking of the dogs was mingled with an occasional yell of pain, announcing that some unfortunate hound had suffered for his temerity, in attempting to close with his formidable antagonist.

"What an obstinate old brute!" exclaimed Mansfield, as he stretched forward over a projecting rock, in hopes of getting a glimpse of what was going on in the thick jungle below. "I never, in my life, met with a bear that stood so much bullying; they generally start at once, and make a running fight for it."

A tremendous roar followed by a despairing death-shriek now arose with fearful distinctness above the confused baying and howling of the dogs. For a moment there was a death-like silence, as if every living thing had been paralyzed by that voice of thunder. Then a strong rustling amongst the tangled bamboos, —a deep, surly growl, mingled with a stifled throttling cry—a faint groan, and again the baying of the hounds was resumed, but less eagerly than before, and in a whining, undecided tone, betwixt anger and fear.

The shouting of the terrified beaters was now heard in all directions, and next moment many of them were seen rushing from the jungle, and scrambling up the face of the rocks; whilst, with frantic gestures, they waved to their companions below to fall back.

"By heavens, I thought so," shouted Mansfield, starting to his feet, and instinctively grasping his rifle, as the well-known roar of a tiger reached his ear.

"Thought what?" asked Charles, astonished at the unusual excitement of his social companion.

"Why, that we have caught a Tartar, that's all;—slipped the poor dogs at a tiger, instead of a lubberly old bear. Thank God, the beaters are all out of danger now, except the poor fellow whose death-shriek we heard, and he is, no doubt beyond the leech's aid. But we must bestir ourselves, else the brute will not leave a hound alive."

In the enthusiasm of the moment Mansfield had slung his rifle across his shoulder, and, in spite of the remonstrances of Charles, was about to attempt the desperate experiment of scrambling down the face of the rock, and shooting the tiger in his lair; when his motions were arrested by the voice of Ishmail.

"Stop, Sahib! In the name of the holy Prophet, stop! What madness has seized you?" shouted the poor fellow in Hindostanee, as panting and smeared with blood he scrambled painfully to the top of the rock.

"Ishmail, my boy, you are wounded!" exclaimed Mansfield, running towards him. "It was not you whom the tiger struck down just now?"

"No, Sahib. Men do not climb rocks after being knocked down by a tiger.—It was poor Asmodine, my helper, whose cry you heard. I was standing close by him; he received the weight of the blow, and is now amongst the houries, praise be to Allah; whilst I have escaped with a slight scratch on the shoulder." Here Ishmail pulled aside his tattered garments and exhibited a wound, which looked as if inflicted by a gardener's rake, and from which the blood flowed in long purple streaks over his oily skin.

"Faith, Master Ishmail, that same slight scratch will require some square yards of Dr. Mucphee's plaster before you are in marching order again. But, Ishmail, what is to be done? Is there no chance of driving the brute from his strong hold?"

"Sahib, the tiger is no fool, he will not come to eat your highness' bullets."

"But he is tearing the dogs to pieces, man; and unless we assist them, he will not leave one alive. I think I could manage to get down to that ledge of rock above him, and shoot him as he lies."

"No, Sahib; had that been possible he were dead ere now. But I have examined the place well: he lies in a sort of cave directly under that ledge of rock, so that it is impossible to get a view of him, except from the level ground directly in his front. May dogs defile his father's beard! he has chosen his ground well. Nothing but rockets can force him to leave it; and, please Allah, it shall not be for want of rockets, if he lives to see the sun set to-morrow. But at present we must leave him, Sahib. It would be the act of a madman to attack him in his den."§

"But the dogs, Ishmail?"

"He will kill no more dogs, Sahib. Our three best hounds, the only ones who had courage to close with him, have already been destroyed, and the others are only baying him at a prudent distance. They will be glad enough to leave him when they hear the recall sounded."

"Alas! poor Asmodine, yours has been a cruel death. But it shall not go unrevenged." So said old Lorimer, as he turned from regarding the mangled corse of his faithful follower, and wiped a tear from his bronzed cheek.

His companions had dragged the body from the jungle at the risk of their lives. And the Doctor, after examining the wounds, had just reported him dead. The remains of the poor fellow presented a ghastly spectacle, and a fearful example of the destructive powers of a tiger. The fore part of the skull was crushed in like an egg shell, and evidently by the mere weight of the paw, for there was no mark on the head either of teeth or claws. The glazed, bloodshot eyes were forced from their sockets; and a thin stream of black blood flowed from each nostril, and trickled slowly down the sunken, lead-colored cheeks.—Besides this, it appeared that the tiger had seized him with his teeth: the whole of the throat and the skin of the breast being torn away, leaving the root of the tongue exposed, and the bare muscles of the chest still quivering with convulsive twitches, although it was evident, from the nature of the wounds, that the poor fellow's death must have been almost instantaneous.

"Rodney, Racer, and Speaker killed, Sahib, and others badly wounded," said Ishmail, as, with the important air of an officer on duty, he advanced to make his report, after having mustered the hounds.

"The devil fly away with these cursed tigers," replied Lorimer. "This makes seventeen hounds that I have lost by them since last May. Couple up the dogs, Ishmail; I have not the heart to put them into cover again to-day. See that those which are wounded be carefully carried home in *cumbleys*,‖ and have this poor fellow's body removed into camp. And now, gentlemen, we had better mount and jog homewards. We can do no more to-day: but to-morrow——"

Here he raised his voice, shook his clenched fist, and stamping on the ground—"By the bones of my ancestors, if we live to see to-morrow, the infernal tiger shall pay dearly for this day's work. Ishmail, you will see that there are plenty of fire-works provided."

"Hookum, Sahib,"§ replied Ishmail, sternly, casting a sidelong glance at his mangled shoulder, and grinding his teeth.

"But the bear," asked Mansfield; "must we let him slip through our fingers, Sir?"

"I am sorry to say, Mansfield, he has done so already. The scouts report that the brute stole away whilst we were tackling the tiger, and he is, no doubt, far beyond our reach. Burmah, my horse.

Burmah, a little, dark, square-built, bushy-whiskered Mahratta, approached, leading the powerful grey Arab horse which his master had ridden in the morning, now fresh and well groomed. And, as he patted the glossy arched neck of the noble animal, he addressed him in the most extravagant terms of endearment, such as a nurse lavishes on her child; whilst the sagacious creature, as if grateful for his caresses, pricked his small ears, and rubbed his velvet muzzle against the naked shoulder of his groom.

Most of the party had mounted, and the beaters were beginning to move off, bearing the mangled body of their companion slung on a bamboo, together with the wounded dogs, and as much of the game as they could conveniently carry; when Mansfield, who had for some minutes been gazing intently at a distant hill, shouted to his peon in a voice which made him start—

"Abdallah, my spy-glass—quick, man—quick!"

"What see you?" asked Lorimer.

"Can't say exactly, Sir; but it looks devilish like our friend the bear."

"Impossible, man! He could never be such a fool as to take across that open line of country."

"By Heavens it is, though," cried Mansfield, with exultation, handing the glass to Lorimer; "and on the ground where we can ride him, too. He is making for the large wood above Nidiwuttum. But he has two long miles of open country before him, and the devil is in it if little Bundoolah does not lay me alongside of him before he reaches it. Here's at him, at all events—who'll follow?"

So saying, he sprang to the saddle, snatched a spear from one of the beaters, drove in his spurs over the rowel, and sitting well back, with a strong pull at Bundoolah's head, dashed down the rocky hill-side at the top of his speed.

Old Lorimer rode too heavy to attempt a racing pace over such break-neck ground. And the rest of the party, with the exception of Charles, being mounted on little short-legged hill-ponies, had no chance.

Charles, however, was well-mounted, and his young blood boiled to rival the daring feats of Mansfield, the pride of the Mysore country. Glancing around him in search of some weapon, his eye rested on the ornamented hilt of Ishmail's sword.

"This will do famously," cried he, as Ishmail handed him his *tulwar*, with an ironical smile, which seemed to say, "It will do all *your* work as well as anything else—a broomstick might serve your turn, for that matter."

But this was lost upon Charles, who eagerly clutched the sword, and waving it triumphantly around his head, rattled down the hill in hot pursuit of his companion.

"You'll find that a queer tool to tickle a bear with, my hearty," shouted old Lorimer, laughing, as he and the rest of the party followed at a steady canter. Charles only answered by another wave of his sword, and an extra dig of the spurs.

But we must follow Mansfield. The tremendous pace at which he rattled over the ground soon brought him up with the chase. He was now within fifty yards of the bear, who, finding that matters began to look serious, was shambling along at his best pace, his foaming jaws distended, and his tongue lolling far out of his mouth. Three strides more would have brought him within spear's length. But Bundoolah began to show symptoms of distress. And there being no rival at hand to dispute with him the honor of the first spear, Mansfield pulled up for a moment, to let his panting horse gather fresh wind before going into action with an enemy, who, in all probability, would try the mettle of both horse and rider.

The spear which Mansfield had snatched up in his hurry was not exactly such a one as a sportsman would have selected from choice. It was a heavy, unmanageable weapon, headed with about half a ton of iron, well covered with rust, and not much sharper than the fluke of an anchor. A small touch of the file would do no harm here, thought Mansfield, as he felt the point with his finger, and thought of the razor-like edge of his favorite hog-spear; but never mind, I must only give it *the more powder*. "Now, then, Bundoolah, we'll try it."

So saying, he gathered up the reins, fixed himself well in the saddle, and closing his heels, the trusty Bundoolah bounded forward like an antelope. A true son of the desert, he feared neither beast nor devil, and dashed up to the bear without hesitation, in spite of the growl of defiance with which he was saluted. Taking a steady pull at his horse's head, and closing his left heel, ready to wheel off as the blow was struck, Mansfield poised his harpoon-like spear, and drove it with his whole strength into the broad back of his surly antagonist.

"That's through your d——d black hide, tough though it be, else there's no virtue in iron——No, by the Lord—no blood!" and Mansfield ground his teeth with vexation, as the blunted spear glanced off the bear's shaggy hide, only inflicting a slight scratch. The enraged brute turned on his pursuer with a tremendous roar. Quick as thought Mansfield wheeled off to avoid the charge; but in doing so his horse stumbled, and ere he could recover himself, the gigantic fore-paws of the bear were clasped round his neck, his teeth firmly fixed in his throat, and horse and rider rolled together on the ground.

At this critical moment Charles appeared in sight, thundering over the stones at headlong speed—his horse in a lather of foam, his bloody spurs driven to the head at every stride, and his sword-blade flashing in the sun, as he waved it over his head.

Half mad with excitement, the impetuous boy never dreamt of gathering his horse together as he neared the bear, but dashed at him at speed, and with a slackened rein. The consequence was, that the animal, terrified by the smell of blood, and the piteous groaning of poor Bundoolah, as he lay gasping in the deadly embrace of the bear, bounded suddenly to one side, reared up on end, and spun round. Charles, although a good horseman, was taken by surprise, lost his balance, and fell. Nothing daunted, however, he scrambled to his feet, rushed towards the bear, who still continued to hold down the struggling horse, and buried his sword up to the hilt in his body.

The wounded monster quitted the horse, and rushed, open-mouthed, at his new assailant. Charles sprang back to avoid the first rush, and watching his opportunity, when the bear reared on his hind-legs, plunged the sword deep into his chest. Fortunately for Charles, it pierced his heart. The enormous brute fell heavily forward; a stream of black blood gushed from his mouth, and the much-dreaded bear, the man-eater, the monarch of the rocky glen, lay at the feet of his conqueror, a harmless mass of black fur and bear's grease.

"Hurra!" shouted Mansfield, who was just beginning to recover from the stunning effects of his fall, and had raised himself on his elbow, "killed him, by the Lord, and killed him well, too—Charles, you are a lucky dog; I would have given a month's pay to have struck that blow—but you may thank your good stars that you happened to touch his heart, for these infernal bears have as many lives as a cat, and had you stabbed him in any other part, he would have had your head half way down his throat before I could have come to your assistance. However, all's well that ends well—so lend me a hand to rise, Charles—Ha! confound it, how stiff I am. I verily believe Bundoolan must have rolled over me, for I feel as if my back was broken"

Mansfield, although stunned and severely bruised, had escaped all serious injury, and was quite fresh by the time the rest of the party came up.

"Ishmail's old *tulwar* has proved a better weapon for *tackling* the bear than you expected, my venerable uncle," cried Charles, pointing with an air of triumph to the dead brute.

"Ishmail's tulwar!—Why, you little bantam-cock, you don't pretend to say that you killed the bear!"

"And why not?" replied Charles, coolly wiping the bloody sword, and returning it to Ishmail.

"The devil you did! but how did you manage it?—and what was Mansfield about with his spear? It was wont to be a deadly one."

"It played me false this time, however." And Mansfield proceeded to relate the particulars of the adventure. In the meantime the Doctor was stooping over the dead bear, and examining the tremendous muscular development of his limbs with great interest.

"Od, but it's an awfu'-like beast," muttered he, half soliloquizing. "Did any leeving ever see the like o' thae fore-paws—they're as grit as my waist, and fit to squeeze the life out o' a bull, let alone a Christian—and to think o' that bit slip o' a laddy fetchin' him wi' a sword! Od, it's just past belief—It minds me o' the story o' Dauvid and Goly-o'-Gath."

The rest of the party having duly admired the size of the bear, the length of his claws, and the richness of his fur, there was nothing further to be said on the subject; so "boot and saddle" was the word. A spare pony was provided for Mansfield, poor Bundoolah being too severely wounded to be fit for work—and in five minutes they were all cantering homewards.

Night had closed in before they reached the cantonment; and the chill mountain-breeze whistled bleak and cheerless through the woods; but a good dinner and a bright fire awaited them—and one there was who fondly hoped that the smile of beauty would greet his return; so with light hearts they pushed merrily forward, smoking their cigars, and talking over the adventures of the day.

I remarked that evening that Master Charles succeeded in getting up a very comfortable little flirtation with the blooming Kate; and from the sunny smile which danced in her deep blue eye, and played around her pretty mouth, as she listened to his half-whispered conversation, I felt satisfied that the flaming account of his exploits, given by Mansfield at dinner, had not been lost upon her. Charles retired to rest with his head and heart brimfull of love; and that night his pillow was beset by fleeting visions of blue eyes and bear-skins, tigers, turtle-doves, and true-love-knots.

So ended a Day on the Neilgherry Hills. KOONDAH.

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* Let loose.

† Translation nat fit for "ears polite."

‡ A shawl or sash worn round the waist.

‖ A coarse sort of blanket worn by the lower classes in India.

§ It is an order, Sir.

A Good Defence.—"There are three points in this case, may it please your honor," said the defendant's counsel. "In the first place, we contend that the kettle was cracked when we borrowed it. Secondly, that it was whole when we r turned it; and thirdly that we never had it."

The Retort Affectionate.—"What ever made you marry that dowdy," said a mother to her son. "Because you always told me to pick a wife like my mother," was the dutiful reply.

A Palpable Hit.—A lady suspected of Popery was brought before a justice, a rigid puritan, who told her nothing could do away her suspicious conduct but calling the Pope a knave. "I know nothing of his Holiness," replied the lady; "but if I knew him as well as I do your worship, I could very readily call him a knave."

CHESTER RACES.

The meeting, deservedly classed among the first in the kingdom, proved as attractive as its zealous and liberal supporters could have desired or anticipated; the weather, fortunately, was fine, and the show of fashion of the best description. The following is as full a list of the sport as the press of other matter will permit:—

MONDAY.

A Produce Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds; colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st.; two miles; 3lb. allowed to untried stallions or out of mares which produce have not won, but not to both; those marked thus * allowed 3lb.; 12 subs.

Sir R. W. Bulkeley's ch. c. *Bangalore*, by Battledore	[Darling]	1	
*Mr. Giffard's b. c. by Priam, out of Idalia	[W. Lear]	2	

*Mr. Nanney's ch. c. Lord John, by Priam, out of Signorina (Marlow), also started, but was not placed.

Even betting on the Idalia colt, 2 to 1 agst. Lord John, and 4 to 1 agst. Bangalore.—Lord John made all the running up to the Castle-pole the last time round, when he bolted; Bangalore took up the work, and won cleverly by a length and a half. The pace was rather slow.

The Tradesmens' Plate of 200 sovs. in specie, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft., and 5 only if declared on or before the 1st of February; to start at the Castle pole, run twice round, and end at the coming-in chair; 2d horse to receive 25 sovs. out of the Stakes; 20 subs.

Sir J. Boswell's ch. h. *General Chasse*, 6 yrs. 9st. 7lb.	[Holmes]		1
General Yates' ch. h. Sylvan, 5 yrs. 8st. 11lb.	[J. Chapple]		2
Mr. T. Barrow's b. m. Catharina, aged, 8st. 11lb.	[Templeman]		3

The following were not placed: Lord Eglinton's bl. c. The Black Diamond, 4 yrs. 8st. 11lb. (T. Lye); Mr. Robinson's ch. c. Whaley, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb. (Darling); Mr. Giffard's ch. g. Traveller, aged, 8st. 11b. (Lear); Mr. F. R. Price's br. c. Master of the Rolls, 4 yrs. 7st. 6lb. (M. Jones); Mr. I. Day's b. h. Bubastes, 6 yrs. 7st. 4lb. (Pavis); Mr. E. Peel's ch. h. Tamworth, 6 yrs. 9st. (Conelly); and Mr. J. Allen's b. f. Vesper, by Velocipede, 4 yrs. 7st. 6lb. (Cartwright).

Betting. 5 to 2 agst. General Chasse, 4 to 1 agst. Sylvan, 5 to 1 agst. Bubastes, 5 and 6 to 1 agst. Tamworth, 7 to 1 agst. Whaley, and 10 to 1 agst. any other.—They went off at the first start, Traveller taking the lead, Sylvan lying second, with Chasse and Bubastes in the rear. At the Castle-pole, coming home, Chasse drew upon his horses, and after a fine race, won by half a length cleverly. Every horse was well up at the finish, which is the best criterion that can be furnished as to the honest intentions of the handicappers; indeed, every one who saw the race, spoke, immediately after it, in the highest terms as to the abilities they had displayed. Ran in four minutes and forty-nine seconds.—[A Manchester correspondent denies the correctness of the inference above. That the horses being up at the finish was owing, in his opinion, to the poverty of the pace, and not the closeness of the handicapping; had the speed been greater, there would have been a "spread eagle."]

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 50 sovs. added by the Stand Committee, for horses that never won before the day of entry for the Plates; heats, two miles; 3 yr. olds, 6st. 12lb.; 4, 8st. 2lb.; 5, 8st. 8lb.; 6 and aged, 8st. 12lb.; mares allowed 2lb; 7 subs.

Sir T. Stanley's b. c. *Mordecai*, 4 yrs.	[Templeman]	0	1	1
Mr. Whittaker's b. f. Lady Blessington, 4 yrs.	[J. Allhouse]	1	2	2
Mr. Nanney's b. f. Cambrian Lass, 4 yrs.	[Marlow]	2	0	dr
Mr. Dawson's b. f. The Howdy, by Actæon, 3 yrs.	[Lye]	0	0	dr
Mr. Walters' b. c. Goldhurst, by Confederate, 3 yrs.	[Dodgson]	3		dr
Mr. B. Collett's b. c. Stratford, 3 yrs.	[J. Chapple]	0		dr
Mr. Giffard's b. c. by Priam, 3 yrs.	[Whitehouse]	bolted		

TUESDAY.

His Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., for 3 yr. olds, 7st. 2lb.; 4, 9st. 2lb.; 5, 10st.; 6 and aged, 10st. 5lb.; twice round, being rather more than 3 miles.

Mr. W. Barrow's b. m. *Catharina*, aged.	[Hopwood]		1
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. h. Turban, 5 yrs.	[Darling]		2
Mr. Nanney's ch. h. Ratcatcher, aged.	[Marlow]		3

Betting: 2 to 1 on Catharina, 3 to 1 agst. Ratcatcher, and 4 to 1 agst. Turban.—Ratcatcher took the lead, and was not headed till they came to the Castle-pole the last time round, where Catharina challenged, and won very cleverly. Ran in six minutes and twenty-five seconds.

Sixty Guineas (clear), the gift of the Members for the City for 3 yr. old colts, 6st. 8lb., and fillies, 6st. 6lb.; 4 yr. old colts, 8st. 11lb., and fillies, 8st. 11b.; heats, once round and a distance.

Lord Eglinton's bl. c. *Black Diamond*, 4 yrs.	[Lye]	1	1
Mr. T. Walters' br. c. King Cole, 4 yrs.	[Marlow]	2	2
Mr. W. Pierse's br. f. Elizabeth, 4 yrs.	[Pierse]	3	3

WEDNESDAY.

The Dee Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds: Derby weights; to start at the Castle pole, go once round, and finish at the coming-in chair; 7 subs.

Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Pammon, by Priam—Baroness.	[Templeman]		1
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Combat, Brother to Contest.	[H. Edwards]		2
Marquis of Westminster's ch. c. Pantomime, by Pantaloon.	[Holmes]		3

The following were not placed:—Lord Derby's ro. c. Parolles, by Augustus or Shakspeare (Arthur, jun.); and Sir R. Bulkeley's ch. c. Bangalore, by Battledore, out of Miss Patrick (Darling).

Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Bangalore, 3 to 1 agst. Pammon, 4 to 1 agst. Combat, 4 to 1 agst. Pantomime, and 5 to 1 agst. Parolles.—Combat made the running to the Castle pole, where they were all together, and a splendid race ensued, Pammon winning by a head only, and beating Pantomime by half a neck. Ran in 2 minutes and 25 seconds.

Fifty Sovereigns, given by the Eastham and Royal Hotel Coaching Establishment, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for horses of all ages (except 2 year olds); 3 yr. olds, 6st. 12lb.; 4, 8st. 5lb.; 5, 9st. 3lb.; 6 and aged, 9st. 6lb.; a winner of one 50*l.* previous to the time of starting to carry 3lbs., of two 6lb., and of three or more 9lb. extra; maiden horses allowed 7lb., and mares and geldings 3lb.; the 2d horse to save his Stake; one mile and a half; six subs.

General Sharpe's ch. g. *Sadek*, 4 yrs.	[Lye]		1
Mr. Whittaker's b. f. Lady Blessington, 4 yrs.	[Dodgson]		2
Mr. Wascoe's br. c. Blackburn, 4 yrs.	[Marlow]		3

The following were not placed: Mr. Giffard's b. c. by Priam, out of Forester Lass, 3 yrs. (G. Whitehouse); Mr. B. Collett's b. c. Stratford, 3 yrs. (Bemetzreider); and Mr. Thompson's b. g. Lord Francis, 5 yrs. (Darling).—Stratford made play to the distance, where Sadek headed him, and won easily.

The Stand Cup, value 100 sovs., the gift of the Stand Committee, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, for all ages; twice round and a distance; 3 yr. olds, 6st. 10lb.; 4, 8st. 5lb.; 5, 8st. 12lb.; 6 and aged, 9st. 2lb.; mares and geldings allowed 2lb.; a winner of the value of 100 sovs. once, in either plate or specie, to carry 3lb., twice 5lb., and thrice 7lb. extra; 5 subs.

Mr. F. R. Price's br. h. Master of the Rolls, 4 yrs.	[M. Jones]		1
Mr. T. P. Lloyds b. f. by Lottery, 3 yrs.	[Lye]		2
Sir T. Stanley's gr. f. Violet, by Dr. Syntax, 3 yrs.	[G. Whitehouse]		3

Betting: Even agst. the Lottery filly, 5 to 4 agst. Violet, and 4 and 5 to 1 agst. Master of the Rolls.—Master of the Rolls took the lead at a smart rate, was never headed and won cleverly. Ran in 4 minutes and 26 seconds. The Lottery filly carried 5lb., and Violet 2lb. over weight.

A Purse, value 80 gs., in specie (in lieu of the Annual City Plate), the gift of a portion of the Town Council and its Officers, who are anxious to promote the interests of the City of Chester; 3 yr. olds, 6st. 7lb.; 4, 8st. 4lb.; 5, 8st. 12lb.; 6 and aged, 9st. 2lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; heats, one mile and a half.

General Sharpe's ch. g. *Sadek*, 4 yrs.	[Lye]	0	1	1
Mr. W. Barrow's b. m. Catharina, aged.	[H. Edwards]	1	3	2
Mr. B. Collett's br. m. Nell Gwynne, aged.	[Darling]	0	2	dr
Sir J. Boswell's b. m. Bella, 6 yrs.	[Holmes]	2		dr
Mr. Allen's br. h. Prince, aged.	[Smallwood]	3		dr

THURSDAY.

A Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Stand Committee, for 3 yr. old fillies, 8st. 4lbs. each; once round and a distance; 4 subs.

Mr. Nanney's Surprise, by St. Patrick.	[Marlow]		1
Sir R. Bulkeley's Valencia.	[Darling]		2
Mr. T. Walters' Creusa.	[Templeman]		3

Valencia was the favorite, and made good running to the half-mile post, where Surprise challenged her, and after a tolerable race, won by a length.

Sweepstakes of 25 sovs each, for 2 yr. olds; colts 8st. 5lb.; fillies 8st. 2lb.; three quarters of a mile; 9 subs.

Mr. E. Peel's c. The Early Bird, by Bedlamite.	[Conelly]		1
Mr. Buckley's Tom, by Muley.	[Holmes]		2
Mr. T. Walters' ch. f. Bishopsgate, by Emancipation.	[Marlow]		3

The following were not placed:—Mr. Buckley's Latitude (Sister to Elis); Lord Derby's ch. c. by Felt, out of Rosalba; Mr. Mostyn's Sister to Puss; Mr. Nanney's f. Fair Play, by Belzoni, out of Signorina; Mr. W. Patten's c. Percy, by Recovery; and Mr. Sandiford's Sir Walter Scott, by Olympus, dam by Filho.

Betting: 5 to 2 agst. Bishopsgate, 4 to 1 agst. Early Bird, 4 to 1 agst. Tom, 5 to 1 agst. Lord Derby's, 5 to 1 agst. Latitude, and 10 to 1 agst Sister to Puss.—A fine race between the first three, and won by half a neck only. [Our list states that all the above ran, but we have reason to believe that only eight started.]

Lord Westminster's Plate of 100*l.*, added to a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft.; thrice round.

Mr. Mostyn's Trapball, 4 yrs.	[Darling]		1
Mr. Nanney's Ratcatcher, aged.	[Marlow]		2

Betting: 4 to 1 on Trapball, who won in a canter.

Match, 100, 2 miles.—Mr. McDonough's The Disowned, aged (Darling), beat Mr. Hobson's The Wonder, in a canter.

Handicap of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. with 100 added by the County Gentlemen; mile and three quarters.

Mr. Buckley's Dick, 4 yrs. 8st.	[Darling]		1
Mr. Price's Master of the Rolls, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb.	[Jones]		2
Sir T. Stanley's Japhet, 4 yrs. 8st. 10lb.	[Templeman]		3
Mr. Allen's b. f. Vesper, 4 yrs.	[Smallwood]		0

FRIDAY.

The Palatine Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds. Colts 8 st. 7 lbs., and fillies 8 st. 2 lbs. To start at the Castle-pole, go once round, and finish at the coming-in chair. Six subs.

Marquis of Westminster's ch. c. Pantomime, (allowed 3 lbs.)	(Holmes)		1
Mr. Nanney's b. f. Surprise, by St. Patrick	(Marlow)		2
Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Pammon, (allowed 3 lb.)	(Templeman)		fell

Betting,—11 to 8 on Pammon.—Pantomime made strong running to the distance, where Surprise challenged, but, after a fine race, was defeated by half a neck. Pammon bolted immediately after starting, and threw Templeman, fortunately without doing him any serious injury.

The Cheshire Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 50 added by the citizens of Chester, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared, &c. Two miles; the second horse to receive back his stake. Eight subs., three of whom declared.

Sir J. Boswell's ch. h. General Chasse, 6 yrs., 9 st. 6 lb.	(Holmes)		1
Mr. Fowler's (late Gen. Yates') b. f. Mersey, 4 yrs, 6 st. 12 lb	(Dodgson)		2
Mr. Nanney's br. g. Friar Tuck, 5 yrs., 8 st. 2 lb	(Marlow)		3
Mr. Buckley's b. h. James, 5 yrs. 7 st. 8 lb	(Cartwright)		1

Betting,—9 to 2 on Chasse, who had it all his own way, and won very easily. James would have had a chance, but bolted soon after starting; was again brought into straight running, passed everything in the race except Chasse, but was too much distressed either to catch him or maintain his position.

The Roodee Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added by the Stand Committee, for 3 yr. olds that had run during the week. To start at the Two-year-old Post, go once round and in. Four subs.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. *Combat*, 8 st. 7 lb	(Darling)		1
Sir R. Bulkeley's b. f. Valencia, 7 st. 7 lb	(Cartwright)		2
Lord Derby's ro. c. Parolles, 7 st.	(G. Whitehouse)		3
Mr. Mostyn's b. f. by Lottery—ister to Catterick, 7 st. 10 lb	(Lye)		0

Betting,—11 to 8 against Combat.—Parolles made play to the distance, where Combat challenged, Valencia joining at the same place. Won cleverly by a length.

The Wirral Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 100 added by the gentlemen of Wirral, for 2 and 3 yr. olds. Three yr. olds to carry 9 st., and 2 yr. olds 6 st. 12 lb. Mares and geldings allowed 2 lbs. T. Y. C. The second horse to save his stake. Eight subs.

Sir R. Bulkeley's ch. c. *Bangalore*, 3 yrs	(Darling)		1
Mr. Walter's b. c. The Prince Warden, 3 yrs	(Marlow)		2
Sir J. Boswell's b. c. Calendar, 3 yrs	(Holmes)		3

Betting,—6 to 4 agst. Bangalore, who won by a head after a short quick race.

The Ladies' Purse, value 50*l.*, to be run for by horses beaten during the week; the best of heats, twice round the course to a heat, to start at the coming-in chair. Three year olds, 6 st. 10 lb.; 4, 8 st.; 5, 9 st. 8 lb.; 6 and aged, 8 st. 12 lb.; mares and geldings allowed 2 lb. Second horse 10*l.*

Mr. Giffard's ch. g. *Traveller*, aged	(Lear)	1	3	1
Mr. Collett's br. m. Nell Gwynne, aged	(Calloway)	4	1	3
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. h. Turban, 5 yrs	(Darling)	3	4	2
Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. Japhet, 4 yrs.	(Conelly)	2	2	dr

Traveller the favorite.—The first heat won by a neck, the other two cleverly.

SATURDAY.

A Selling Stake of 3 sovs. each with 10 added by Mr. William Tempest. For 3 yr. olds, 8 st. 2 lb.; 4, 9 st.; 5, 9 st. 8 lb.; 6 and aged, 10 st. Heats, once round. The winner to be sold for 10 sovs., if demanded in the usual way, &c. Five subs.

Mr. Allen's br. h. *Prince*, aged	(W. Jones)	1	2	1
Mr. Dawson's b. f. The Howdy, 3 yrs	(Lye)	2	1	2
Mr. Wood's br. g. by Filho, 6 yrs.	(Eaton)	0	0	0
Mr. Tempest's br. c. by Waverley, 4 yrs	(Mosely)	0	0	0
Mr. Currie's br. m. Barbara Jones, aged	(Taylor)	0		dr

The winner was claimed. We can safely say that, although the horses were not first-raters, the race was admirably contested.

Match, for 50 sovs., p. p., one mile.—Br. f. *Lightning*, 3 yrs., 8 st. (Arthur), beat b. g. Sweet William, aged, 8 st. (Smallwood). Lightning carried off the palm of victory cleverly, and loud cheers followed the termination of the race.

Match, for 50 sovs. each, p. p., two miles.—Mr. M'Donogh's ch. g. The *Disowned*, aged, 12 st. (Owner), beat Mr. Sherratt's br. g. Zanga, aged, 12 st. 8 lb. (Sirdefield).—The Disowned was again the victor in this match, and he has proved himself a valuable aged horse.

A Hurdle Stake of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added by the citizens of Chester. The second horse to save his stake. Weights as for the preceding stake, with the exception of the winner of the former to carry 10 lbs. extra. Heats, twice round, and to have three leaps in each round. Gentlemen riders.

Mr. Tempest's b. g. by Blucher, dam by Lancaster, aged	(Owner)	1	1	
Mr. Hobson's ch. g. Wonder, 6 yrs	(Mr. M'Donogh)	2	2	
Mr. Keay's ch. m. Miss Fanny, aged	(Owner)	dis		
Capt. Tuthill's br. g. Little Jemmy,	(Owner)	dis		

The winner was ridden in the best style by his owner, and the last leap he made astonished all who saw it, measuring nine yards and two feet. It would be unjust not to add, that Mr. M'Donogh rode the Wonder in gallant style.

Bell's Life, May 20.

THE GAMBLER'S FATE.

"Another glass of Curacoa—and then for St. James's," said Russell to his friend. "Has your lengthened residence on the Continent embued you with much taste for ecarte or roulette?"

"No," replied Melvil, "ever opposed, both by inclination and education, to the vice of gambling, I have studiously avoided entering the magic circle in which the fickle goddess enthrals her votaries. Surely you do not play?"

"Very little," responded Russell, carelessly, "and merely for amusement; to-night, however, I have, as I told you before, an appointment, which must be kept. You will accompany me, I hope? Remember, you need not play."

"To part from each other so soon, and after so long a separation, with so much to talk about, and so many friends to inquire after, requires more philosophy than I can boast of possessing; so as your appointment must be kept, and I have no fear of my resolution failing in one night, I *will* accompany you. Were I superstitious, though, I should not do so; for a Scotch professor of second-sight once told me that I should bitterly rue the action did I ever cross the threshold of a gaming-house."

Russell smiled sarcastically.—"Possibly your Scotch seer spoke from experience. Who knows but what some cunning chiel had won a groat from him at a fair, and he thought the like might hap to you? Nevertheless, I should like to understand this second-sight, as you phrase it, very well, seeing that it would prove an able auxiliary at hazard."

The Curacoa was drunk, the cab was ordered, and the scene was changed. One hour afterwards Russell was deeply engaged in the mysteries of play, and Melvil occasionally looking on, and anon chatting with some young lordlings to whom his friend had introduced him, patiently awaited the termination of an amusement for which he entertained no small degree of distaste. Russell won largely. Seated at the same table with him, was one of those professed players, who nightly haunt the gaming-table. He was a man of middle age, of gentlemanly manners, and seemed well known to those by whom he was surrounded.

"What, losing again to-night, Hawkes?" said one of the bystanders, addressing him we have described—"that is bad; you have last night's losses to repair already."

"True," replied the person addressed, and Melvil, well versed in human nature, noticed a peculiar intonation in the voice of the speaker, which betrayed fierce internal agitation of mind, although to a common observer it might have been imperceptible,—"true, must; and, you will see, I *shall* win presently."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the other,—"well, well, we shall see that."

In effect the prophecy of the player appeared magical; for anon the luck changed—Russell's high pile of gold dwindled rapidly away; each successive throw of the dice contributed materially to decrease it, while that of Hawkes' speedily became the largest on the board.

"Russell," whispered Melvil, "leave this dangerous pastime—the luck, you see, has changed."

"And will change again," replied Russell; "I know my adversary well—good fortune rarely abides with him."

"I am glad to hear that you *know* him," said Melvil, gravely, for really I had suspected some foul play. Pray, who is he?"

"He is a man of good family, and once of large property, all of which he has dissipated at play. He married Blanche Vane;—she, with whom it was said by village gossips, you once had an *affaire de cœur* in early life."

"I do not recollect her," said Melvil.

"Not recollect her!" exclaimed Russell, eagerly, "not recollect her? Why, Melvil, I could almost feel tempted to say the lack of memory was intentional—not remember Blanche Vane?—she whom we used to call 'Beautiful Blanche?'"

Melvil colored slightly. A crowd of recollections pressed to his heart, but they passed away with the moment in which they were engendered; there was a little romance in *his* bosom. "I *do* remember that cognomen," he answered coldly, as he turned away from the table.

Half an hour had elapsed ere Melvil again approached. The gambler's face was flushed with success; that of Russell was pale and disturbed. He had lost very considerably.

"One more throw for double stakes," he cried, "and I have done."

"Agreed," replied Hawkes.

Melvil with some difficulty made his way to the opposite end of the table, stationed himself near Hawkes, and watched with eagle eye his every motion. They threw, and Russell lost. The scarlet blood mantled vividly on Melvil's brow, he suddenly bent forward, and violently seized the wrist of Hawkes.

"Contemptible scoundrel! you have dice in your sleeve!"

Universal confusion followed, and groups of persons flocked to the table, while Hawkes proudly shook off the grasp of Melvil, and bared his arm, calmly saying—

"Prove your charge, Sir."

This was impossible; and although perfectly satisfied himself of the truth of his allegation, Melvil was obliged to acknowledge he had no means of substantiating it. Hawkes demanded his card—it was given.

"You were wrong," whispered Russell, "you had better apologize; he is a capital shot."

"I was not wrong, and will not apologize," answered Melvil, quietly.

Ere the latter left the room, a meeting had been arranged for the following morning by Russell and some friend of Hawkes'.

"The soothsayer was right," muttered Melvil, "I ought not to have entered a gaming-room."

Five persons met early on a damp, misty, gloomy-looking morning, in Battersea-fields—they were the duellists, their seconds, and a surgeon. Melvil was cool and collected.

"Russell, if I fall, promise me to give up for ever your fearful pursuit."

"May heaven avert such a calamity as your being wounded even."

"Will you promise what I have asked?"

"I will do more—I will swear!" answered Russell.

The ground was soon measured—the combatants took their places—the signal was given—and, as previously arranged, both fired together. Melvil remained unhurt—the gambler fell.

"God!" ejaculated Melvil, "I have destroyed him!"

They rushed to the fallen man, and while his second raised and supported his head upon his knee, the surgeon examined the wound. It was in the left side.

"Speak—speak!" exclaimed Melvil, "am I a murderer?"

"Fly! fly! with your best speed, gentlemen," said the surgeon, "the wound is mortal—he cannot live many minutes."

As the poisoned arrow of the Indian warrior festers in the wound of his enemy, so did this sentence enter into the very heart of Melvil, and there fester and canker his hopes of future happiness. The dying man heard the reply with assumed fortitude.

"It is well," he said faintly, "nay, it is just. You," addressing Melvil, "you were right—I did use false dice last night; but hear my justification, such as it is. I have a wife—children—I shall never behold them more! I love them better than myself. A run of ill-luck had left me penniless and them starving. Desperation filled my bosom, and I determined, should fortune last night desert me, that I would *ensure* her favors by employing means which I had previously not so much as a dream of." His voice failed.

"He is dying," said the surgeon, "fly for your lives, gentlemen."

He who supported the head of Hawkes lowered it gently to the grass, and disappeared; neither of the others moved. The motion of his head appeared to rouse the fast-fading recollections of the unfortunate duellist, but his mind wandered.—"Blanche, my wife—my sweetheart—another chance for thy sake! Throw—throw—now give me the box—down go the dice—ah—deuce—ace!—The game is up!" A convulsive contraction of the limbs followed—then a slight shudder—and then the gambler "slept the sleep which knows no waking."

Russell and Melvil made the tour of Switzerland together, both were melancholy—the former for a season, the latter for ever.

Vast Establishment for breeding Horses in Austria.

"I went to pass a night at Mezohegyes. This is the finest establishment in the Austrian monarchy for the breeding of horses, and their improvement. I have examined it with care, and will give a detailed account of it. The stud of Mezohegyes is on 10,000 acres of land, of the best quality, and in one piece.—This immense space is surrounded by a broad ditch, which completely isolates it. It is environed by fine plantations, sixty feet broad, in its whole extent, which is fifteen leagues. A thousand acres planted with walled groups of trees, break the uniformity of the plain: it is carefully cultivated, and its produce serves to support the establishment. Three hundred and sixty ploughs are employed on it; half of which are drawn by oxen, and half by horses. Formerly this stud had to supply horses to recruit the cavalry, 20,000 horses were kept there. But the horses were not good, and diseases shewed the effects of this system. At present, the object of the government here, as well as at Bablona, is only to obtain stallions of a good breed, which are sent to the depots in the provinces for the service of private persons, and in order to keep up the number (2000) which has been judged to be necessary. In the annual supply of 400, the contingent of Mezohegyes is 150. To produce them, there are kept about 1000 brood-mares and forty-eight stallions. Two hundred mares and 600 oxen are employed in cultivating the ground. The plain is divided into four equal portions, which are like so many farms. An officer, and two subaltern officers, are placed at the head of each great division, to direct and superintend it. All the persons, the implements, and the teams necessary for the cultivation, are then collected as well as the young animals, which are classed according to their age and sex. At the age of four years the young horses are all collected in the centre of the establishment, which is amply provided with all the necessary buildings.—The best animals are selected to supply the deficiencies in the establishment, in order to keep it always on the same footing. A selection is then made of what may be wanted by the other studs; then, when the stallions have attained the age of five years, a hundred and forty, or a hundred and fifty, are sent to the principal depots. The remainder are sold by auction, or given to the army to remount the cavalry. At present the whole number of horses here, including the stallions, the brood-mares, colts, fillies, is 3000. The persons employed in the direction, the cultivation, and the care of the young animals, consist of a major-director, twelve subaltern officers, and 1,170 soldiers, keepers, cultivators, &c. &c. Never was so vast an establishment conducted with more order and economy. The present director is Major Blockberg, an officer who appeared to me to be very capable, and worthy of the post which is confided to him. The imperial treasury advances to this establishment every year the sum of 118,000 florins: it is reimbursed by the sale of the 150 stallions which the establishment sends every year to the provinces, at the price of 1000 florins each, and by the value of the horses supplied to the cavalry. All the other expenditures, of every description, are paid by the produce of the establishment, which is required to defray and does defray all. The consumption of oats is 72,000 bushels. The cultivation of wheat being extremely advantageous on this soil, it is carried on here, and the wheat is sold to provide for other wants. 150,000 quintals of forage are consumed, besides straw. The results of this system are, therefore, marvellous; and especially to the eyes of Frenchmen, whose country has nothing analogous to it."

O'More's Description of the mode of fitting Boots and Brogues in Ireland.

"Why thin, I'll tell you," said Rory, "I promised my mother to bring a present to the priest from Dublin, and I could not make up my mind rightly what to get all the time I was there. I thought of a pair o' top-boots; for indeed his reverence's is none of the best, and only you *know* them to be top-boots, you would not *take* them to be top-boots, bekase the bottoms has been put in so often that the tops is wore out intirely, and is no more like top-boots than my brogues. So I went to a shop in Dublin, and picked out the purtiest pair o' top-boots I could see:—when I say purty I don't mane a flourishin' taarin' pair, but sitch as was fit for a priest, a respectable pair o' boots;—and with that I pulled out my good money to pay for thim, whin jist at that minit, remembering the thricks o' the town, I bethought o' myself, and says I, 'I suppose they are the right thing?' says I to the man—'You can thry them,' says he'.—'How can I thry them?' says I—'Pull them on you,' says he.—'Throth, and I'd be sorry,' says I, 'to take such a liberty with them,' says I.—'Why aren't you goin' to ware thim?' says he.—'Is it me?' says I, 'Me ware top-boots? Do you think its takin' lave o' my sinsis I am?' says I. Then what do you want to buy them for?' says he.—'For his reverence, Father Kinshela,' says I. 'Are they the right sort for him?'—'How should I know?' says he.—'You're a puty boot-maker,' says I, 'not to know how to make a priest's boot!'—'How do I know his size?' says he.—'Oh, don't be comin' off that away,' says I.—'There's no sich great differ betune priests and other min!'—"I think you were very right there," said the pale traveller. "To be sure, Sir," said Rory, "and it was only jist a *come off* for his own ignorance."—'Tell me his size,' says the fellow, 'and I'll fit him.'—'He's between five and six fut,' says I.—'Most men are,' says he, laughin' at me. He was an impudint fellow.—'It's not the five, nor six, but his *two* feet I want to know the size of,' says he. So I persaived he was jeerin' me and says I, 'Why, thin, you respectful vagabone o' the world, you Dublin jackeen! do you mane to insinivate that Father Kinshela ever wint barefutted in his life, that I could know the size of his fut,' says I; and with that I threw the boots in his face. 'Take that,' says I, 'you dirty thief o' the world! you impidint vagabone of the world!' And with that I left the place.

"It is their usual practice," said the traveller, "to take measures of their customers." "Is it thin?" "It really is."

"See that now!" said Rory, with an air of triumph. "You would think that they wor cleverer in the town than in the covnthry; and they ought to be so, by all accounts—but in the regard of what I towld you, you see, we're before them intirely." "How so?" said the traveller. "Arrah! bekase they never trouble people in the counthry at all with takin' their measure; but you jist go to a fair, and bring your fut along wid you, and somebody else dhrives a cartful o' brogues into the place, and there you sarve yourself; and so the man gets his money and you get your shoes, and every one's plazed. Now, isn't that bether than sitch botches as thim in Dublin, that must have the measure, and keep you waitin? while in the counthry there's no delay in life, but it's jist down with your money and off with your brogues!"

"On with your brogues, you mean?" said the traveller. "No, indeed, now!" said Rory, "you're out there. Sure we wouldn't be so wasteful as to put on a bran new pair o' brogues to go lickin' the road home?—no, in throth; we keep them for the next dance we're goin' to, or maybe to go to chapel of a Sunday." "And if you don't put them on, how can you tell they fit you?" "Oh, they're all alike!" "But what would you do when you wanted to go to your dance, if you found your brogues were too small?" "Oh, that niver happens. They're all fine aisy shoes." "Well, but if they prove too easy?" "That's aisy cured," said Rory, "stuff a thrifle o' hay into them, like the Mullingar heifers." "Mullingar heifers," said the traveller, rather surprised by the oddity of the expression. "Yes, Sir," said Rory, "did you niver hear of the Mullingar heifers?" "Never." "Why, you see, Sir, the women in Westmeath, they say, is thick in the legs, God help them, the craythurs; and so there's a saying again thim, 'You're beef to the heels, like a Mullingar heifer.'" "Oh! I perceive." "Yes, sir, and it's all on account o' what I towld you about the hay." "How?" said the traveller. "Why, there's an owld joke, you may take a turn out of it if you like, whin you see a girl that's thick in the fetlock—you call afther her and say, 'Young woman!' She turns round, and then says you, 'I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I think you're used to wear hay in your shoes.' Thin, if she's innocent, she'll ask, 'Why?' and thin you'll say, 'Because the calves has run down your legs to get at it.'" "I see," said the stranger, "that is, if she's innocent." "Yis, Sir—simple I mane; but that seldom happens, for they're commonly up to you, and 'cute enough." "Now, in case she's not innocent, as you say?" said the traveller. "Faith, maybe it's a sharp answer you'll get thin, or none. It's as like as not she may say, 'Thank'ee, young man, my calf doesn't like hay, and so you're welkim to it yourself.'"

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 8, 1837.

☞ After a short sojourn with us in New York, our Southern Reporter and Correspondent, Mr. T. E. Leefe, resumed his travels last week. Our friends on either bank of the Ohio, we hope, may see him before this month elapses. It would give us pleasure if he should be able to aid the efforts making in Kentucky towards the improvement of their fine stock, to which allusion is made in another column. Our friends at St. Louis, who have so often desired us to appoint an agent there, are informed that it is Mr. Leefe's intention to be with them in the course of a few weeks.

Mr. John Leefe, our only other agent, has left us this week for the West and North. He will attend the Canada Races, and the several Secretaries are requested to aid him in compiling complete reports.

It affords us unmingled gratification to be able to commend to the courtesy of our friends, two young men so intelligent and so entirely worthy as are the Messrs. Leefes. No kindness shown them will be forgotten by them or by ourselves.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

This great National Festival was duly honored on Tuesday last, with every demonstration of enthusiasm and delight. The sun rose as brilliant as that of Austerlitz, and the weather throughout the day was as glorious and exhilarating as could have been desired. We cannot attempt to describe the thousand various ways adopted to do honor to it on this isle of Manhattan. The veteran artillery were, no doubt, on the Battery betimes, though neither crackers, squibs, or pistol-shots could rouse us from our placid slumbers in season to attend them there;—and this, notwithstanding what we said above about sun-rising, and all that. Astronomers, we believe, pretend that the sun rises during the summer months somewhat *before* six o'clock. But that they are all wrong we never doubted, and are now sure, for how else could we have borne witness to its brilliancy on the morning of the 4th, when we crept abroad surely after that hour. Perhaps, however, the difference between us may be reconciled by supposing the astronomers to speak with reference to a more extended horizon than the roofs of Pine-street. Having thus reconciled on philosophical principles this threatening controversy, we proceed to remark how everybody rushed forth *à la bonne heure* to enjoy the bracing weather, and bestow themselves for the day. The great body of the populace betook themselves incontinently to fire-crackers and ginger-beer. The inroad made in the stock of the former article in the market was truly terrific, and we marvelled how, *considering the times*, the boys could keep up the clatter they did. We amused ourselves several times during the day in computations as to the gross amount of *the ready* thus wasted, but each time, just as we were approximating to a satisfactory result, our attention was diverted by the appearance of the little missiles in some new and more dangerous form. To save one's eyes from harm, one was obliged to keep himself perpetually on the alert, utterly disregardless of the imminent danger of having a pack of them thrust into his coat pocket, and there ignited.

Having got the boys thus fairly at their work, we may as well say, that thousands started off on distant country excursions; hosts of steamboats being up for such pastimes. Not being addicted to such frolics on such days, we are unable to vouch for the fun enjoyed at Flushing, Shrewsbury, West Point, or what not, save only that on the return of the boats to town, we saw good numbers looking decidedly glorious.

As it was impossible for us to be present everywhere on that day, we extract from *The Courier* an account of the sloop race, which we had determined to witness in person, but found it impossible to do:—

"The race between four sloops on the 4th was extremely well contested, and excited a great deal of interest, from the fact of one of the boats, the Atlas, having been victorious in several similar contests. The boats started at about half-past 10 o'clock from the foot of Dey-street, the Atlas taking the lead, which she kept to the Buoy, and until opposite Fort Hamilton returning, the Mary Willes being second, the C. Vandeventer third, and the Nancy Ross last. The C. Vandeventer now got ahead, and kept the lead during the rest of the race, winning the stake of $400. The wind was fresh from the West, and the boats had to beat up the whole way; they however performed the trip in less than six hours."

The day could not possibly have been finer for sports of this description. That sailing matches do not occur more frequently among us is inconceivable, when we think of the facilities for them afforded by our beautiful and capacious bay. But to return to the 4th.

A boat race came off near the Hurl Gate Ferry, between the East River Pilots and Mr. Roberts, for $250 a-side. The latter with his boats, the Alert and Glide, was successful, beating easily the skiffs Van Buren and Avenger, belonging to the Pilots. The Alert accomplished the six miles in 31 minutes, being three seconds quicker than any previous time. For this account we are also indebted to the *Courier*.

During the day, the military paraded through the streets under the command of their new officers, Maj. Gen. Sandford and Gen. Morris, &c., and sorry are we that we could not be near at hand to witness the display.

Yet ought we not to sorrow, for ours was a happier destiny. In enjoying the elegant hospitality of a friend, only so far removed from town that we could call it country, we yielded ourselves up to softer influences. In lieu of the roar of artillery, and the rattling of musketry, we gave ourselves up to happiness in leafy bowers and oaken groves. Danger approached us not, save in the fascination of bright eyes and maiden charms. "The groves were God's first temples," and how more fitly could we commemorate the great birth-day of our freedom than in joyous merriment under their sylvan shades? The sterner and milder elements of our nature are nearly allied; pity is not more akin to love, than love to patriotism. We crush a cup of generous wine to "the land we live in," and straightway we fill to the girl who alone makes existence there desirable.

But here are we, unmitigated bachelors, musing on ladies' eyes, when an article is to be written! Haste we to low realities!

During the afternoon and evening, plenty of rows were kicked up, by way of enlivening the close of day. Little grog could be had about the Park booths; so the thirsty multitude retired to their usual haunts on the corners of the streets. It would be idle to give *all* the particulars;—the number of *killed* was few,—of the *wounded* larger,—of *prisoners* enormous. The daily prints are disputing most vigorously as to the origin of the quarrels; when they have brought the matter to a distinct issue, perhaps we will decide the subject for them. As it now stands we opine that the *volunteers* are getting the worst of it.

It is impossible to describe the beautiful appearance presented by the city during the evening. We viewed it from an opposite shore, and surely never saw anything more lovely. No sounds from the crowded streets could reach us, and but for the incessant glitter of fire-works, which were shooting into the sky from each extremity of the town, with their brilliant lights and graceful trains, one would have supposed the whole city wrapped in slumber.

On the whole, we think this great gala day was more rationally and soberly enjoyed than usual. By eleven at night, the town was quiet and calm, and on the morrow business was resumed with no signs apparently of excess, save among the loafers, who make up the *levées* of the worthy police magistrates.

THE DERBY.

We fully expected to have announced the winners of the Derby and Oaks this week. The latest arrival from Liverpool, at New-York, *direct*, is the *Independence*, which sailed the 25th May. The latest sporting dates are May 21st. The packet of June 1st will bring all we wish, the Derby having been run on the 24th, and the Oaks the next day. There are later dates in town by the way of Boston, to the 28th May, we believe, but no mention is made of the races. In the meantime we publish this week the entries for the great stakes, with their performances, as compiled in *Bell's Life*. It will not only be interesting to our readers from its connection with the great stakes, but useful for future reference, as giving the performances and pedigrees of nearly all the promising English three year olds.

A celebrated comic actor will never permit his children to see him on the stage, lest in the habit of laughing at their father, they should forget their filial obedience.

We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of making a brief extract from a letter of a Louisiana correspondent. The views expressed of the legitimate and beneficial influence of racing, are so judicious, and the rebuke of Northern short-sightedness in this respect, is so well deserved, that they do not require of us to give them further force by naming their distinguished author. But when we find gentlemen of his standing and influence in society devoting their wealth to rearing fine stock, and sustaining by personal exertions racing meetings, we need no further assurance that correct views on this subject will in time universally prevail among us.

The letter of our correspondent bears date, June 16th.

"A spirit for racing is becoming very much diffused among us in Louisiana, and will, I have no doubt, in time produce beneficial results. Some of us are giving our attention to breeding, but the principal benefit we at present confer, is rewarding by purchases from them, those persons in our sister States who rear the animal. Bye-and-bye, I think we shall be independent of our neigbors on this score; I see no reason why we should not, unless the temptation we have hitherto had to bend all our energies to the production of sugar and cotton should prevent us. A few more *experiments* on the currency are likely to diminish sensibly that temptation, and compel us to give our industry a less concentrated direction.

Next to the human species I love the horse, more than any other portion of the animal world, and delight in the display he makes of his powers. And his improvement is so important, that it more than compensates, *with me*, for the passions and follies which attend the competition he is brought to. Nothing can prevent his degenerating but racing. The purses are in truth—under another form—prizes bestowed by Societies for the best specimens; and it is inconceivable how some of our Northern brethren, sharp-sighted as they are, neglect such an important element of wealth and usefulness.

In this State we have the strongest motive to persevere in our exertions to ameliorate the breed. Our extensive prairies in the Western portion of this State are filled with the best race for endurance I ever met with—moderate in their food, easily kept, and capable of immense exertion under a burning sun, with impunity. The stock came originally here from the Spanish Provinces, and was brought there from Andalusia, in old Spain. They have been greatly neglected for many years, and have much degenerated since I first knew them; but I see some improvement in them lately, and look confidently for more.

The *Lazboroughs*, I perceive, have borne away the palm this Spring, in Virginia and Maryland. The result has not disappointed me. I have now at *Oak Lane*, a filly a year old, the get of this horse, one of the largest and finest formed of her age I ever saw. Mine was dropped in Tennessee. I fear the horse will be withdrawn from there and returned to Virginia."

Note.—The correspondence alluded to in the Postscript to the above has not reached us.—[Ed.]

Lexington, June 15th, 1837.

Mr. Editor.—Dear Sir,—Excuse my liberty, for you must know that us chaps in old Kentuck don't stand tip-toe on ceremony, but if a friend comes along, we ask him to take a glass of rough whiskey, or go to a burgoo with us, where you'll get as good a bowl of soup as ever you put to your lips, almost equal to No. 6. I intended some time since to have replied to one or two articles in your valuable paper, but not being at home at present, prevents me from referring to the numbers in which they are contained, for you must know that I am a customer of your's. The first is a note by the Editor, to the piece signed "Zoloe;" the other, signed "O'Kelly," which, I presume, had its birth in Augusta, Ga. I have waited some time for my friend "N." of Arkansas to take the matter in hand; if he does not, "Zoloe" must; although badly wounded, he has still some whole bones left. In the first place, the Note by the Editor says,—"Our unknown correspondent *Zoloe* appears to have written under the influence of strong prejudices. He may be better informed, and we presume is, but there are horses now in training in Kentucky that, in our opinion, seem as likely to figure in the List of Winners this year as most of those he has enumerated." Big John, Maria Louisa, Sarah Miller, Jasper, and Styles, are all the nags included in the enumeration alluded to in the Note, that have made their appearance this Spring, out of which two are winners: Big John won the Citizens' Purse at Lexington, three mile heats, and walked over the Oakland Course the three mile day; and Jasper beat a field of seven horses at Spring Hill Course, Crabb Orchard, Ky., two mile heats, at 4 heats, winning the 3d and 4th heats. So it seems that two out of five of the nags named by "Zoloe" have been winners, the Note to the contrary notwithstanding. I would feel grateful for an item in relation to the other nags that are as likely to figure in the List of Winners as those enumerated. The Note says, his remarks relative to Hammond's training are gratuitous, and in a great degree unwarranted. Well, now, that's not quite as certain as rolling off a log. Although they may be considered so by Mr. Porter, "Zoloe" thinks differently. The Note says,—"It is very surprising that Lady Nashville should have been thrown out of training at the end of five years, after two seasons of very severe work." Well, I admit that it is strange, and very strange, too, that a nag should break down at six years old, after five years very hard running. I heard John Dan say, that one year old was too young for the turf; if, however, it was practicable to get such a race, I heard a friend of mine say, he had a colt, one year old, (by Columbus, which he had the goodness to name after my humble self, Zoloe,) that he would match against any one year old colt living. But, again, it was a great error to begin work with Lady Nashville so very young, and then those two last seasons with Hammond. Oh, it's no use, she *could not stand* everything. Note again: Or that Bascombe should have been withdrawn after a curb first had made its appearance. Now, if I could find out whether a curb comes on the near side fore-leg or not, I might be satisfied that Bascombe was curbed when I saw him in November last at Augusta, Ga. Note: Or that Hickory John should be turned out for a season, when one of his hoofs was split to the hair. We enquire whether his hoof was split in exercise, or by standing in the stable? Again. Note: Or that Bill Austin, when lame and nearly blind, &c. We give it up. Now we should like to be informed of what fate the following nags met with, to wit:—Robin Hood, Eliza Branch, Bolivia, and Penoyer, all promising nags, and under the management of your friend Mr. Hammond. Well, now, friend Porter, although I readily admit that I have but little sagacity in racing matters, I will wager you a bottle or so of rough whiskey, or if that will not do, I will bet you a half dozen or dozen champaign, to be paid at our friend Welsh's, on Christmas eve, at which time I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing my friend Porter, that I name the winners of one, two, three, and four mile heats this fall, at any course he may select in Kentucky, Oakland excepted. I tell you what, Mr. Editor, them Oakland fellows at Louisville have a devilish queer notion about judging races. It's been worse this Spring than the Devil's Fork in Arkansas. Winning a race at Oakland is not quite as certain as rolling off a log, if even your nag is able to go it. Such a row as we had, it was worse than the Bowery boys. I tell you again, if them men in the stand at Oakland had been judging a race in Arkansas, they would have been every one of them knocked all into a pesseltail, and pounded up into a mummy, just as slick as hominy. Such an occurrence has never taken place in the annals of racing since the birth of Adam, I am certain, and that to occur, too, when the judges had the printed rules and regulations of the Association spread open before them in the stand, reading, as plain as open day, directly to the reverse of their decision. The circumstances are as follows:—

SATURDAY.—Purse: Mile heats, 3 best in 5. Four nags started.

Wm. Buford's Herodus, by Kosciusko	1	1	0	0	0	1
M. Deckey & Burbridge's Stambolina, by Stamboul	0	0	1	0	0	0
Mr. Scrugg's Barton, by Bertrand	0	0	0	1	0	1
Mr. Palmero's Ball Peter, by Cherokee	0	0	0	0	1	0

At the commencement of the race, as is usual, the riders were called to the stand to receive their orders, and among other instructions, were informed that they were to start at the tap of a stick on the stand, there being no drum. They were accordingly started, and Herodus won the two first heats, Stambolina won the 3d heat, Barton won the 4th heat, Ball Peter won the 5th heat. The horses were all called to start the 6th heat; the signal was given, (*i. e.* the tap,) Herodus did not get off, Stambolina was stopped and brought back again, the other two, Barton and Ball Peter, run the heat, which was awarded to Barton. To the utter astonishment of all present, Herodus and Stambolina were permitted to start again for the 7th heat. We should very much like to know by what sort of hocus-pocus act that Herodus and Stambolina were permitted to start for the 7th heat, having never started for the 6th heat, yet, after resting during that heat, and forty minutes after it was over, they were allowed by the Judges (after two nags in the same race had run an extra heat,) to start again, when, by every rule in all the racing world, they would have been considered as distanced nags. I would suggest to you, Mr. Editor, that the Oakland Association import some judges from the Devil's Fork, in Arkansas, or the Pigeon Roost, in Indiana.

One word more, Mr. Editor. We calculate to see all sorts of sport in old Kentuck this Fall, having on hand now a promising number of young ones.

Very respectfully your particular friend, ZOLOE.

FINE STOCK IN KENTUCKY.

In no State in the Union have gentlemen displayed a more enlightened spirit in rearing stock than in Kentucky. By the communication subjoined, it will be perceived that they do not yet tire in their efforts. The communication was addressed to the *Western Intelligencer*, but on account of the interesting nature of many facts stated therein, and our desire to encourage others to "go and do likewise," by presenting them with the fruits of Kentucky enterprise, we at once insert it.

We had previously heard of the endeavor to procure a compilation of the history of the Blooded Horses of that State, and we still indulge the hope, that even at this distance, we can facilitate so laudable an effort. Our readers will observe that the business is in good hands,—indeed, it could not be in better. How thorough a master of the subject Mr. Sanders may be, our readers can judge, by recalling some of his earlier communications to this paper over his own signature.

A proposition to publish the *Kentucky Stock Book* is before you. If the advantages to be derived from such a publication are not sufficiently evident to every intelligent breeder, no arguments would make them so.

From a hasty calculation, it is thought that one thousand dollars, secured to the publishers by subscription, would justify them in undertaking the work, to be commenced immediately.

Forty gentlemen to subscribe twenty-five dollars each—to hold a meeting of the subscribers at Brennan's Hotel on Monday, the 24th day of July, for the purpose of organizing and concert in action.

Appoint a committee of three to act as editors, to revise the papers submitted to them, and prepare them for the hands of the publishers.

A committee of three to prepare a paper, Historical and Genealogical, of the Blooded Horses introduced into Kentucky, from its earliest settlement to the present time.

A committee of three to prepare a paper on the properties, qualities, and uses of the cultivated grasses of Kentucky.

A committee of three to prepare a paper on the best manner of grazing stock.

A committee of three to prepare a paper on the best mode of growing corn and feeding stock, to embrace Horses, Cattle, Mules, and Hogs.

And such other committees as the meeting may think proper to appoint.

No gentleman ought to consent to serve on a committee unless his intention is to endeavor to discharge the duty and services required of him.

It is expected that Mr. Clay will attend this meeting, and aid in promoting its objects.

From the vast capital laid out in the various kinds of superior stock by enterprising citizens, it is thought this meeting will be fully attended.

Bertrand has turned off more mares this season than he was limited to cover, at one hundred dollars each.

Tranby has covered one hundred and five mares, at one hundred dollars each.

Old Eclipse, under his able and experienced manager, no doubt has done as much as either, at the same price.

Samuel Smith lets his neighbors (by the way of favor) breed to his fine imported Bull, at fifty dollars per cow.

Mr. Seymour, of Ohio, permits his Bull to go to cows at one hundred dollars each.

Geo. N. Sanders has lately sold four cows and two young bulls, at $500 each; all thorough-bred cattle.

Samuel Smith has lately sold a bull calf for $600, and another for $500.

Spencer Cooper asks $1000 for a heifer calf.

David Sutton is afraid to name a price for any of his fine stock, dreading that they will be snatched up at any price he may ask.

A. McClure *refused* to receive twenty-five hundred dollars cash for a two year old ass colt.

Geo. N. Sanders sold a Boar for $50, and refused the same sum from G. P. Theobald for a Sow.

These facts are named to show the estimation in which good stock is held by some, and one of the main objects of the proposed work is to record and preserve the memoirs and portraits of the most distinguished.

Gallatin Co., Ky., June, 1837. LEWIS SANDERS.

MAURY COUNTY SPRING RACES

Commenced on Tuesday, 16th May, and continued five days. The following is the result:—

TUESDAY, May 16, 1837.—Purse $500, Mile heats.

John T. Merrill's (James Southall's) b. c. *Hail Storm*, by Stockholder, dam by Conqueror, 3 yrs. 86lbs..... 1 1
R. Skinner's (A. Russell's) b. f. by Pacific, dam by Gray Tail, 3 yrs. 83lbs..... 2 dis
T. L. Grainger's b. c. *Adam Clark*, by Giles Scroggins, dam by Timoleon, 3 yrs. 86lbs. 3 dis
Francis Gordon's b. c. by Van Tromp, 3 yrs. 86lbs..... 4 dis
Time, 2:13—2:11. Track very heavy.

The winning nag in this race was originally named Eastna, but from a remarkable circumstance which happened on the day of the race, (to wit: a heavy storm of hail, and he winning the race during the storm,) the owners concluded he should take the name of *Hail Storm*. It was not the intention of Mr. Merrill that he should distance the others, but it was owing to the rider not being able, in the 2d heat, to hold him back.

WEDNESDAY, May 17.—Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Nimrod Porter's b. f. *Betsy Thomas*, by Stockholder, dam by Fair Play, 4 yrs. 97lbs. 1
W. H. Boddie's b. g. *Snag Side*, by Stockholder, dam Dillahunty's old mare, 4 y. 97lbs dis.
H. R. Roberts' ro. g. by Hierson, dam by Potomac, jr., 5 yrs. 107lbs..... dis.
Col. Wm. Pillow's s. f. by Stockholder, dam by Chanticleer, 4 yrs. 97lbs..... dis.
Time, 4:23.

It is as well at this time to remark, in justice to Col. Pillow's s. m., that she was completely out of order, and that the Col. at the request of some of his friends, permitted her to start, but in his own language at the time, he remarked that she could not win unless the balance fell down. She was therefore run more for the encouragement of sport than for any other motive.

THURSDAY, May 18.—Purse $500, Mile heats.

Henry Smith's ch. f. by Stockholder, dam by Eagle, 3 yrs. 83lbs..... 3 1 1
Wm. Pillow's b. c. by Scroggins, dam by Conqueror, 3 yrs. 86lbs..... 1 2 dis
W. H. Boddie's b. f. by Stockholder, dam by Wonder, 3 yrs. 83lbs..... 2 3 dr
G. W. Garrett's b. c. by Pacific, dam Volunteer, 3 yrs. 86lbs..... dis
Time, 2:05—2:06—2:08.

FRIDAY, May 19.—Purse $500, Mile heats.

Robt. Hays' b. f. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Eclipse, 3 yrs. 83lbs..... 3 1 2 1
Henry Smith's s. c. by Pacific, dam Anvilina Smith, 3 yrs. 86lbs..... 2 2 1 2
E. Young & G. Elliott's s. f. by Leviathan, dam by Bagdad, 3 yrs. 83lbs..... 1 3 3 3
Time, 2:08—2:09—2:07—2:08.

This race throughout was handsomely contested, each nag close together during the whole distance, and it was thought that had the Leviathan filly been in good order, she would have taken the purse; she was in so bad a condition to make a run, that the owners doubted at one time whether they would start her; it therefore produced great satisfaction from the whole crowd to see how well she contested the race, the boy on the Fylde filly, having been charged with foul riding, the matter was laid before the Judges, who, after hearing the evidence, decided that the charge was not sustained, and accordingly decreed that the Fylde filly was fairly entitled to the heat.

SATURDAY, May 20.—Purse $250, Mile heats.

Thos. Goodrum's (J. Dawson's) s. f. by Scroggins, dam Strap, 3 yrs. 83lbs.... 5 3 0 1 1
Frederick Zollicoffer's gr. c. by Stockholder, dam by Neil's Sir Archie, 3 y. 86lbs..... 0 2 3 2 2
J. G. G. Garrett and Jas. W. Gibson's b. f. by Stockholder, dam by Lyttle's Sir William, 3 yrs. 83lbs..... 3 1 0 3 dr
W. H. Boddie's b. f. by Stockholder, dam Polly Pinner, 3 yrs. 83lbs..... 0 dis
Wm. Pillow's s. f. by Scroggins, out of Bald Mary, 3 yrs. 83lbs..... 4 dr
Time, 2:13—2:12—2:15—2:30—2:25.

The track during the whole five days was nothing but very deep mud.

It would perhaps be well enough here to remark, that the appeal made to the Club by Mr. Zollicoffer, and also by Mr. Garrett, in reference to the decision of the Judges on the last day's race, was laid before a meeting of the Club, held in Mount Pleasant, on the 25th May last, and the Club decided that the decision of said Judges on the last day of the races, awarding the purse to Mr. Goodrum's mare, should not be reversed. This notice of the issue of the appeal is given for the information of all those who were interested on that day.

It will also be well to say that Mr. Pillow's s. m., as entered, did not run, but that Mr. Marcus Pillow put one in her place, whose pedigree is not known at this time.

There was also a committee appointed at the before mentioned meeting, to revise the Jockey Club rules, and make such alterations in them as they may think best, and make their report at the Fall meeting of the Club.

Mount Pleasant, June 5, 1837.

A Bright Idea.—A worthy gentleman, living in Vauxhall walk, had the bell-wire of his door cut one night by some inebriated person returning from the garden. To prevent the occurrence of a similar outrage, he ordered the bell-hanger to place it *out of reach*.

We have been requested to insert the annexed paragraph from the Albion. We are well acquainted with the periodical alluded to, and we have no hesitation in pronouncing the offer one that holds out strong inducements to a man of business:—

"*An interest* in one of the best established periodicals in our city, with a large patronage and unceptionable character, is offered for sale, on terms exceedingly favorable to any business man or capitalist disposed to make a moderate investment therein. The present propietor is obliged to give his personal attention to important interests in the West.

"He will be happy to give all desired information in a personal interview, if addressed—'*B., Box* 1361, *P. O.*'"

☞ There are two communications in the *Spirit of the Times* this week so political in their tone, that they would assuredly have been rejected but for other excellencies contained in them. We have nothing to do with politics, and may, therefore, be more forbearing towards the expression of partisan sentiments in our columns than the regular politicians would like. But readers of all sides may rely upon it, that we shall never *admit* an article for *any political* purpose, and perhaps as rarely reject one, otherwise suitable, because it chances to indicate the political bias of its author.

Politics are so mingled with the views and feelings of every true hearted American, that were our correspondents to be altogether cut off from allusion to political topics, or the casual expression of political feeling, they would soon, we fear, *cut* us. But while we have no sympathy with the sensitiveness of the partisan, who cries out because we admit an occasional indirect tribute to the virtues of "the old Roman," we shall see to it carefully that the proper feelings of no one are disturbed by the appearance of party conflicts under a neutral flag.

Scarcely had our paper gone to press last week, in which our correspondent "N. of Arkansas" announced the loss of his friend Mr. Egner, when a letter of a later date arrived, which assured us of his escape and safety. We refer to that letter on another page, and will here only congratulate "*N.*" and the other friends of so estimable a man, upon so wonderful a preservation from imminent peril.

English Sporting Intelligence.

THE DERBY AND OAKS.

Now that all the meetings bearing on, or in any manner calculated to influence the betting on these stakes have terminated, an alphabetical notice of the favorites may be useful to those whose memories are not sufficiently good to retain the performances of the public runners, or to distinguish them from the dark horses in betting.

THE DERBY.

Achmet, by Sultan out of Cobweb, (own brother to Bay Middleton), the property of Lord Jersey, and trained by Edwards, senior. Carrying the full weight, he won the Monday's Riddlesworth in a slovenly manner by a head, beating Lord Chesterfield's colt, by Priam, out of Arachne, 8st. 2lb., Lord Lichfield's Cassandra, by Priam, out of Zillah, 7st. 13lb.; Col. Peel's f. by Bedlamite, out of Garcia, 8st. 4lb., Lord Verulam's Duvernay, by Emilius, out of Varennes, 8st. 4lb., Lord Orford's c. by Mulatto, out of Medina, 8st. 4lb.

A very bad lot of horses, and so little thought of the Arachne colt, that he was not mentioned at any price for this stake, and 40 and 50 to 1 were afterwards offered against him for the Derby. Cassandra was well up with the second. On Thursday in the same meeting he met Mr. Wilson's Quicksilver and Lord Exeter's Adrian, at even weights, for a 200 sovs. stakes, and defeated them by a length cleverly (Quicksilver is a slow bad horse, and Adrian was beaten a distance or thereabouts by Rat-trap!) His third and last appearance was for the 2000 Guinea Stakes, against the following lot:—Mr. J. Day's Mustee, Lord Exeter's Troilus and Dardanelles, Mr. Wilson's Quicksilver, Sir S. Graham's c. by Shakspeare, out of Mervinia, Sir M. Wood's Blankney, Mr. Page's c. by Muley, out of Young Sweetpea, and Mr. W. Edward's Gil Blas. He won this race by half a length, but was spurred; Mustee second, and Troilus third, beaten by a length from Mustee; Gil Blas a moderate fourth. This race was run at even weights, and will hardly bear looking into. 10 and 12 to 1 were offered against Mustee's winning this, and after running so good a second, 50 and 60 to 1 against him for the Derby. Troilus was beaten at least ten times the distance by Rat-trap. Looking at the three races, without prejudice, we cannot see anything to recommend Achmet for the Derby. It may be true that he was "green," "raw," "would make a race with a cow," and so on, but we strongly suspect that the indifferent character of his running may be accounted for in another way.

Adrian, by Sultan, out of Augusta, Lord Exeter's, trained by Turner. Ran third to Achmet for 200 sovs. stakes, and sixth to Rat-trap, for the Newmarket stakes; walked over for a stake in the Craven Meeting.

Benedict, by Peter Lely, out of Phantasima, Capt. Gardner's, trained by Death.—Won the two-year-old stakes at Ascot in a canter, beating Mr. Sadler's Delusion (then called The Hermit), Lord Exeter's Candia, Captain Williamson's Arrow (3lb. extra), and Sir G. Heathcote's f. by Shakspeare, out of Coma. Has not been out since.

Critic, by Voltaire, d. by Cervantes, Lord Chesterfield's, trained by W. Ridsdale.—Has never started.

Chadlington, by Fungus, out of Ruby, Mr. Rawlinson's, trained by John Day.—Ran Defender to a head at Stockbridge, but would have been beaten easy if Mr. Sadler had not declared to win with his mare.

Caravan, by Camel, out of Wings, (winner of the Oaks in 1825), Lord Suffield's, trained by Richard Boyce. Has never started.

Capulet, by Y. Phantom, out of Quadrille, Lord Chesterfield's, trained by Scott.—Ran fourth for the Craven Stakes at Newmarket.

Colt, by Catton, out of Slight, Duke of Rutland's, trained by Boyce, senior.—Ran third to Phosphorus for the R. M. Plate, Medina colt being second, and beating him by a neck; and not placed in a T.Y.C. Handicap, in Second Spring Meeting, won by Avon.

Corban, by Sultan, out of Miss Cantley, Lord Exeter's, trained by Turner.—Started for the July Stakes, and made a dead heat with Armenia and sister to Zenana; was second by a length in the deciding heat. Won the Chesterfield stakes in the same meeting by a length, with 4lb. extra, beating General Yate's Grand Cairo, Sir M. Wood's f. by Langar out of Isabel, Mr. Greville's Mariatte, Lord Exeter's Champion, Mr. Newton's c. by Cetus out of Brilliante, Colonel Peel's sister to Zenana, General Grosvenor's Laodice, and Mr. Cooke's Winford. Started for the Hopeful Stakes, and was not placed. Same day won the Buckenham Stakes cleverly, beating Sister to Zenana. Same meeting, carrying 7lb. extra, ran to a head for the Rutland Stakes, Rocco, Algebra, and a f. by Bedlamite, out of Flame's dam, being beaten off. Started for the Clearwell Stakes (see Garcia filly), and not placed; and met with the same fate for the Prendergast Stakes (Cartoon placed first and Rococo second) and the Criterion Stakes (see Chapeau d'Espagne).

Clifton, by Cain, out of Mouche (now Col. Peel's) trained by Cooper.—Ran a second to P. Hercules, at Heaton Park.

Colt by *Priam*, out of Arachne, Lord Chesterfield's, trained by W. Ridsdale.—Ran Achmet to a head for the Riddlesworth.

Doncaster, By Bustard, d. by Orville, Mr. Fox's, trained by Farrall.—Ran second to Captain Longborough at Bath, Spring Meeting, last year, beaten in a Two and three year-old Stake at Goodwood, by Foozol and by Wisdom at the late Spring Meeting at Bath.

Colt by *Tramp*, out of Lunacy, Mr. Rogers's, trained by him. He has never started.

Colt by *Waverley*, out of Swiss's dam, Mr. Farrall's, and trained by him.—Has never started.

Colt by *Albany*, out of Agnes, Mr. Harrison's, trained by Farrall.—Beaten by Sir G. Heathcote's Lupus at Epsom last year.

Colt by *Tramp*, out of Octava, Mr. Osbaldeston's, trained by Stebbings.—Has never started.

Defender, by Defence, dam by Selim, out of Euryone, Mr. Sadler's, trained by J. Day.—Won the two-year-old Stakes at Stockbridge by a head, beating Chadlington, Mr. Sadler's Sister to Delightful, and Mr. Herbert's Maid of the West (it was said at the time that Defender would have won easily, but that the jockey waited till the last minute in consequence of the declaration to win with the mare if possible). Won the Molecombe Stakes at Goodwood (carrying 5lb. extra), beating Candia, Chapeau d'Espagne, and Madeira, easy.

Delusion, (late Hermit), by Defence, out of Artichoke, Mr. Sadler's, and trained by himself.—Ran a bad second to Benedict, at Ascot; ran second to Mr. Wreford's Sister to Waresti, at Salisbury, King of Clubs third, and Bulbridge fourth. Won the Two-year-old-Stakes at Epsom October Meeting, beating Mr. Carter's f. by Stumps, out of Sweet Marjorum, Mr. Phillimore's Ich Dien, and Mr. Balchim's Profligate, in a canter.

Dardanelles, by Sultan, out of Dervise's dam, Lord Exeter's, trained by Turner.—Started for the 2000 Guinea Stakes, beaten off a long way, and not placed.

Edgar, by Shakspeare, out of Eva's dam, Lord Chesterfield's, trained by W. Ridsdale.—Ran second to Mr. Thornhill's c. by Emilius, out of Misrule, for a Stake in the July Meeting, beat Candia in a match the Second October Meeting, receiving 12lb., and not placed for the Nursery Stakes. In the Craven Meeting beat Haivedar in a match [receiving 12lb], and placed fifth for the Newmarket Stakes.

Flare-up, by Lamplighter, out of Mosquito's dam, Lord Jersey's, trained by Edwards, sen.—Has not started.

Filly out of *Garcia*, [see Oaks].

Gil Blas, by Muley, out of Bequest, Mr. W. Edward's, and trained him.—Walked over for a Stake in the Craven Meeting, and ran an indifferent fourth to Achmet for the 2000 Guineas Stakes, but not placed.

Hybiscus, by Sultan out of Duchess of York, Lord Exeter's, trained by Turner. Has not started.

Ich Dien, by Camel, out of Verbena, Mr. Phillimore's, trained by Dockeray.—Beaten in a canter at Epsom October Meeting, by Delusion.

Jereed, by Sultan, out of My Lady, Col. Anson's, trained by Scott.—Won the Hornby Stakes at York August Meeting, beating the Duke of Leed's Lothario; and Champaigne Stakes at Doncaster, beating Mr. Rhodes's Conservative, Major Yarborough's The Doctor, Mr. Foulis's Eaglet, Mr. Wormald's Fieschi, and Sir J. Boswell's Calendar; both races won easily. Was in the Criterion and 2,000 Guineas Stakes, but did not show.

Lord Stafford, by Langar, out of Lady Stafford's dam, Mr. Bower's and trained by Rogers. Won the Two-year-old Stakes at Chester easily, beating Sir T. Stanley's f. by Dr. Syntax, d. by Walton, Mr. Houldsworth's Combat, and Sir J. Boswell's Vision. At Newton ran second to Mr. Gifford's c. by Priam, out of Idalia, and several others not placed.

Mango, by Emilius, out of Mustard, Mr. Greville's, trained by Prince.—Was beaten a length for the Clearwell Stakes, but was understood not to be in good order.

Mahometan, by Muley, out of Mussulman's dam, Mr. Osbaldeston's, trained by Stebbings.—Has never started.

Mickle Fell, by Catton, out of Emma, Mr. Bowes', trained by Scott.—Has never started.

Marquis, by Muley, out of Margrave's dam, Sir G. Heathcote's, trained by Sherwood.—Has never been out.

Norgrove, by Stumps, out of Miss Wentworth, Mr. Cooke's, trained by J. Robinson.—Was last for the Column Stakes (see Troilus).

Phosphorus, by Lamplighter, out of Camarine's dam, Lord Berners', trained by Doe.—Ran a bad second to Rat Trap for the Newmarket Stakes. Won the Rowley Mile Plate in a canter by two lengths, beating Medina colt, Slight colt, c. by Sarpedon, Anvil, f. by Polygar, Doris, c. by Camel, Grand Cairo, Fanchon, and Y. Sweetpea colt.

Pocket Hercules, by St. Nicholas, out of Fickle, Mr. Osbaldeston's, trained by Stebbings.—Won the Champaigne Stakes at Heaton Park by a head, beating Mr. E. Peel's Clifton, and Lord Westminster's Sister to Snyders. At the same meeting, with 7lbs. extra, won the Claret Stakes by half a head, beating Lord Chesterfield's Moulsey, Sir R. Bulkeley's Bangalore, Mr. Heseltine's Cow Boy, Mr. E. Peel's Beggar-me-Neighbor, Lord Derby's Parolies, and Mr. Johnson's f. by Olympus, out of Jupiter's dam.

Pickwick, by Camel, out of Romp, Mr. Rush's, trained by Dockeray.—Has never started.

Rat Trap, by Bizarre, out of Young Mouse, Mr. S. Stanley's, trained by Boyce, sen.—Received forfeit in a match with the Balkan colt in the Craven Meeting; and won the Newmarket Stakes by a length very cleverly, beating Phosphorus, Voluptuary, Troilus, Edgar, and Adrian; same meeting he received forfeit from Bro. to Mouche in a match. Rat Trap is own brother to the Duke of Richmond's Mus.

Sir Frederick, by Mameluke, out of Tredrille, Mr. Theobald's, trained by Brown.—Has never started.

Sambo, by Muley, out of Rosalia, Lord Chesterfield's, trained by Scott.—Has never started.

Troilus, by Priam, out of Green Mantle, Lord Exeter's, trained by Turner.—Won the Tuesday's Riddlesworth at the full weight, beating Mr. Forth's c. by Emilius, out of Grisette, and Col. Peel's c. by Lapdog, out of Mary Ann, cleverly; and on the following day won the Column Stakes in a canter, beating the Garcia filly, Velure, and Mr. Cooke's Norgrove; receiving 5lb., the others carrying the full weight. Same meeting received in a Sweepstakes. Ran third to Achmet for the 2,000 guineas Stakes, and fourth to Rat Trap for the Newmarket Stakes. Is got by the winner of the Derby in 1830, out of the winner of the Oaks in 1829.

Wintonian, by Camel, out of Monimia, Mr. Wreford's, trained by J. Day.—Won the Winton Two year old Stakes at Winchester, cleverly beating Captain Williamson's King of Clubs, Mr. Herbert's Bulbrige, Mr. Sadler's f. by Reveller, out of Design, Mr. R. Brown's c. by Defence, dam by Reveller, Captain Gardnor's Magic, and Lord Conyngham's Magnet. Won the Lavant Stakes at Goodwood by half a length, beating the Duke of Richmond's c. by Muley, out of Anna, Lord Chesterfield's Oddums, and Mr. Sadler's Sister to Delightful. In the Newmarket Second October Meeting (carrying 5lbs. extra) was beaten a head by Egeria, for the Hopeful Stakes, after a great number of false starts. In the next meeting won the T.Y.C. Plate in a canter, beating Sir M. Wood's Isabel filly, Lord Exeter's Gauntlet, Lord Orford's c. by Perchance, or Grand Duke, Mr. Bloss's Miss Sophia, Col Peel's Sister to Zenana, Lord Suffield's Morison, Mr. Sowerby's Virago, Lord Berners' c. by Oscar, out of Spotless, and Mr. Newton's Fanchon.

Wisdom, by Sultan, out of Victoria, Mr. Wreford's, and trained by J. Day.—Won the Lansdowne Stakes at the last Bath Spring Meeting, beating the following horses cleverly by a length:—Mr. J. Day's Railroad, 4 yrs.; King of Clubs, 3 yrs.; Mr. Houldsworth's Doncaster, 3 yrs.; Captain Lamb's Metal, 3 yrs.; Mr. Bristow's Faustina, 3 yrs.; and Mr. Rawlinson's Slow Coach. At the same meeting he beat Captain Lamb's Chit-Chat cleverly, for the Bath Derby.

THE OAKS.

Castaside, by Mameluke, or Camel, out of Rowena, Gen. Yates's, and then trained by Cooper, won the two year old stakes at Huntingdon, beating Mr. Pettit's colt by Tranby, dam by Abjer, and Mr. Greville's Mariette. In the 2d October Meeting beaten by Mr. Hunter's f. by Gustavus, out of Peggy, 2 yrs., in a sweepstakes for twos and threes, and not placed. In the Houghton meeting, then the property of Mr. Litchwald, won a sweepstakes for 2 yr. olds, winner to be sold for 50, &c., beating Mr. Greville's Grapeskin, Lord Lichfield's Kathleen, Duke of Beaufort's c. by Young Emilius, and Capt. Williamson's Arrow, was claimed by Col. Peel. In the First Spring Meeting won a sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, winner to be sold for 50, &c., beating Capt. Gardner's sister to Zenana, Lord Lichfield's Ada filly, and Mr. Kent's Ringlet. Is now in Pettit's stable.

Countess, by the Colonel, out of Jane, Sir G. Heathcote's, trained by Sherwood.—Won a stake at Reigate last year easily, beating Gen. Grosvenor's c. by The Colonel, out of Pinions.

Chapeau d'Espagne, by Dr. Syntax, out of Chapeau de Paille, Mr. J. Day's, and trained by him.—Ran third to Defender at Goodwood, and second by a head to the Garcia filly for the Clearwell Stakes. Started for the Prendergast Stakes, (won by Cartoon,) and not placed, and won the Criterion Stakes, beating Col. Peel's Fantastic, Corban, Creusa, Sister to Waresti, Mr. Vansittart's Brother to Florestan, Madeira, and Mr. Carter's Nelson by a head. Same meeting won a 50 sov. Sweepstakes, beating Venilia, and Champion by two lengths. Won the Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each in the First Spring Meeting, beating Mr. Batson's Voluptuary and Velure in a canter, and with similar ease won the 1000 gs. Stakes, beating Velure, Lord Exeter's Comate, Lord Jersey's f. by Sultan, out of Filagree, and Lord Orford's Armenia.

Cassandra, by Priam, out of Zillah, Lord Lichfield's, trained by Doe.—Ran second to Rosabel for a Sweepstakes in the First October Meeting; met the same fate with her in the Houghton week, and won the Nursery Stakes easy, with 7 st. 4 lb., beating Ruby, 7 st. 9 lb., Fantastic, 8 st. 4 lb., Laodice, 7 st. 12 lb., Wrestler, 7 st. 9 lb., Auril, 7 st. 10 lb., Edgar, 7 st. 9 lb., King of Clubs, 7 st. 6 lb., Creusa, 7 st. 2 lb., and Marchesina, 6 st. 13 lb. Ran well up with Achmet for the Riddlesworth, but not placed, and same day beaten easy by the Garcia filly; has received forfeit in two or three matches.

Egeria, by Emilius, out of Mangel-Wurzel, Mr. Thornhill's, trained by Pettit.—Won the Hopeful Stakes by a head, beating Wintonian (5 lb. extra), Corban (3 lb. extra), Grand Cairo, Garcia filly, and Oddums.

Filly by Bedlamite, out of Garcia, Col. Peel's, trained by Cooper.—Not placed for the Hopeful Stakes (see Egeria.) Won the Clearwell Stakes by a head, beating Chapeau d'Espagne, Mr. Sowerby's Ruby, Corban, Champion, Fantastic, Mango, Venilia, and Mr. Forth's f. by Bedlamite, out of Hatfield's dam. In the last Craven Meeting was not placed for the Riddlesworth, but the same day, with the full weight, won a produce Stakes in a canter, beating Cassandra and Mr. Bland's Cordova, each receiving 5 lb. Ran a bad second for the Column Stakes. (See Troilus.)

Filly by Priam, out of Miss Fanny's dam, Mr. Powlett's, and now trained by Howe.—Ran third to Henriade for the Two Year Old Stakes at York Spring Meeting, Golden Lock second, Abraham Newland fourth, and Wrestler fifth. Won the Produce Stakes at Doncaster, beating Wrestler and f. by Recovery, out of Primrose. Same meeting beaten easy for the Two Year Old Stakes by Cardinal Puff, and not placed. Ran fourth to Abraham Newland at the Catterick Races this year, Lord Kelburne's c. by Albany, dam by St. Patrick, being second, and Col. Cradock's c. by Voltaire, out of Comedy, third.

Le Meprise, by Velocipede, out of Zenobia, Sir G. Heathcote's, trained by Sherwood. Has never started.

Magnet, by Reveller, out of Morisca, Lord Conyngham's, trained by S. Day.—Beaten by Wintonian at Winchester, and not placed. Walked over for a Stake at Egham.

Maid of the West, by the Colonel, out of Charlotte West, Hon. S. Herbert's, and trained by Percy. Fourth to Defender at Stockbridge.

Sister to Ebberston, by Velocipede, Mr. Osbaldeston's, trained by Stebbings. Has never started.

Sister to Waresti, by Sultan, out of a Whisker mare, Mr. Wreford's, trained by J. Day.—Won the Two Year Old Stakes at Salisbury, beating Delusion, King of Clubs, and Bulbridge, after a good race. Not placed for the Criterion Stakes. (See Chapeau.)

Startle, by Count Porri, out of Speculation's dam, Sir G. Heathcote's, trained by Sherwood. Has never started.

Velure, by Picton, Lord Exeter's, trained by Turner.—Beaten three times. (See Troilus and Chapeau d'Espagne.)

Voluptuary, by Reveller, out of Harriet, Mr. Batson's, trained by Payne, jun.—Beaten twice easily. (See Chapeau and Rat-Trap.)

Vacuna, by Tramp, out of St. Giles's dam, Lord Chesterfield's, trained by Scott.—Has never started.

Teresa, by Langar, out of Lady of the Trees, Mr. S. Fox's, and now trained by Scott.—Won a Sweepstakes at York Spring Meeting, beating Mr. Skipsey's The Cuckoo, and Mr. J. Scott's Newmarket. Beaten by Abraham Newland at the last Catterick Races, and not placed.

The above list is confined to such horses as have either already arrived at Epsom, or are expected there. Many of these, however, will not run, as neither Lord Chesterfield, Lord Exeter, or John Day are likely to start more than two for the Derby, nor does it seem probable that the following will go to the post:—Doncaster, Agnes colt, Lunacy colt, Garcia filly, or Ich Dien; Octavia c. Chadlington. The field, therefore, may be guessed at about 20 or 22. It will be much smaller for the Oaks—we should say ten at the outside. According to the present arrangements, Robinson will ride Pickwick, Mr. Rush being his first master; the horse, we believe, will be tried previously, and should he not come up to the wishes of his friend, Mr. Rush will doubtless give up his claim, in which case Robinson will be on Rat-Trap. To provide against contingencies, Wheatley is engaged for the Duke of Rutland. Achmet will be ridden by E. Edwards. Hybiscus by Conelly, Lord Exeter's second horse either by Darlington or Mann, Mango by Nat, Marquis by Buckle, Sir Frederick by Macdonald, one of Mr. Sadler's by Chapple, Gil Blas by Wright; Scott will ride either Mickle Fell or Jereed, most likely the former; but which of his lot John Day will be on, is not likely to be known before the day, nor who will be on Phosphorus. It is reported that Captain Gardnor has resigned Pavis to Lord Suffield for Caravan. For the Oaks, John Day will of course ride Chapeau, and his son the outside should two run. Conelly will ride Egeria, Scott Vacuna, Darling Velure, Holmes Mr. Powlett's filly, Templeman Teresa, Pavis the Garcia filly, Nat Voluptuary, should she run, and S. Rogers (if Sam Day is not free) Cassandra. We give the above as the "on dits" at Newmarket, and have reason to believe that they will be found pretty near the mark.

If we take the results on paper as our guide, the only horses that can have any chance for the Derby are Rat-Trap, Phosphorus, Benedict, Wintonian, Wisdom, and Achmet; it will not be prudent, however, to lose sight of Mango or the dark lot—Hybiscus, Caravan, Mickle Fell, &c. We have excluded Jereed and Defender, as there seems to be very little doubt that their chances are gone by. The Oaks, according to betting and running, is confined to Chapeau and Egeria; no others are backed.

LIVERPOOL CRAVEN MEETING.

The Meeting commenced on Wednesday, under the Stewardship of Lord R. Grosvenor and Mr. Bowes, M.P., with fine weather, and a very promising list. The attendance of fashionables was not so numerous as usual—a circumstance attributable, no doubt, to the Races following so close after Chester; nor did the Meeting derive any benefit from the absence of the Stewards, or the death of Mr. Webster, the late Clerk of the Course, Mr. Lynn, one of the proprietors of the race-ground, having all the duties thrown upon his own shoulders. The sport was as follows:—

The Aintree Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 20 sovs. added from the Racing Fund: one mile and a half; 3 yr. olds, 6st. 4lb.; 4, 8st. 4lb.; 5, 8st. 12lb.; 6 and aged, 9st. 2lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; 4 subs.

Lord Stanley's ch. h. *Amurath*, 5 yrs	Arthur, jr.	1
Hon. E. M. L. Mostyn's ch. g. Sadek, 4 yrs	Lye	2
Sir J. Boswell's ch. f. Sunbeam, 4 yrs	Holmes	3
Mr. Nanney's b. g. Friar Tuck, 5 yrs	Calloway	4

Betting: 6 to 4 on Sadek, 5 to 2 agst. Sunbeam, and 7 to 2 agst. Amurath.—Amurath took the lead, and with the others well laid up, kept it to the end, winning by not quite a length, after a remarkably pretty compact race.

The Tradesmens' Cup, value 100 sovs., given by the tradesmen of Liverpool, with 100 sovs in specie from the Racing Fund, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, 10 ft. and 5 only if declared, &c.; the second horse to receive 50 sovs. out of the Stakes; two miles; 30 subs., 9 of whom declared.

Mr. S. L. Fox's b. c. *The Carpenter*, 4 yrs. 7st. 12lb	Lye	1
Mr. E. Peel's ch. h. Tanworth, 6 yrs. 8st. 10lb	Templeman	2
Hon. T. O. Powlett's br. c. Wentworth, 4 yrs. 7st. 13lb	H. Edwards	3
Sir J. Boswell's ch. h. General Chassé, 6 yrs. 9st. 10lb	Holmes	4

The following were not placed:—Mr. G. Cooke's br. h. Red Rover, 6 yrs. 8st. 6lb. (M. Jones); Mr. J. Robinson's br. h. Stockport, 5 yrs. 8st. 11lb. (Darling); Mr. Heseltine's br. c. The Bard, 4 yrs. 8st. 11lb. (Heseltine); Mr. Buckley's b. h. James, 5 yrs. 7st. 12lb. (Lear); and Mr. R. Pick's gr. c. Clints, 3 yrs. 6st. 2lb. (a lad).

For some time it was a matter of doubt not only whether Elis would be "caravanned" for this race, but whether General Chasse would run for it or the Brewers' Cup. As soon, however, as it was ascertained that the former was taking it easy at Newmarket, and that Sir James had determined on having "a shy," the friends of the old horse came to his support, and some time before starting he had the call of the field. The closing prices were—5 to 4 on Chasse, 7 to 1 agst. The Carpenter, 7 to 1 agst. Tanworth, 7 to 1 agst. The Bard, and 8 to 1 agst. Wentworth. In Manchester the odds had been taken about two or three that did not show. At starting, The Carpenter took the lead, followed closely by Tanworth, The Bard, and Chasse; the others well up, except Stockport and Wentworth. At the top turn Clints went inside of Chasse, and (they say) threw him a little round. By the lane side which leads down to the Bridge the pace was very strong, but no material change of position occurred until they came to the bridge turn, when Clints again hung out, taking James, Rover, and Chasse with him. Carpenter still kept up the pace on the bottom flat, and at the last turn all the horses came well round for a straight run home of a thousand yards. About the quarter-mile post it was evident the race would be between the first two horses (Carpenter and Tanworth), Chasse trying all means to get up, but without effect. At the distance Wentworth showed to be advancing, and passed Chasse before he reached the post, but could never reach the first two, The Carpenter winning in a canter by three lengths. After the first two, there was as complete a "spread eagle" as ever was seen, thus showing the false running at Chester in the clearest light. We hope this event will operate as a lesson to all parties having horses in a Handicap to make use of their light weights. Wentworth was five lengths behind Tanworth, and Chasse about three behind Wentworth.

The Wilton Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. old fillies, 8st. 3lb.; one mile and a half; 3 subs.

Sir T. S. M. Stanley's gr. f. by Dr. Syntax, dam by Walton	walked over.

A Maiden Plate, value 90 sovs., from the Racing Fund, for all ages that have never won 50*l.* before the day of entry; heats, once round and a distance; 3 yr. olds, 7st.; 4, 8st. 2lb.; 5, 8st. 7lb.; 6 and aged, 8st. 10lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; 2*l* to have 20 sovs. from the Stakes.

Hon. T. O. Powlett's b. f. by Priam—Miss Fanny, 3 yrs	Cartwright	1
Mr. Dawson's b. f. Parthenia, by Partisan, 3 yrs	Lye	2

The following were not placed:—Loru Stanley's b. c. Arganta, 3 yrs., an Mr. Smith's b. h. Spread Eagle, 4 yrs.

This was the best race of the day, the filly winning each heat by a nea only.

THURSDAY.—The day was remarkably fine, but the attendance, both the stands and on the course, was limited. Very few carriages were preset The sport was good, particularly for the last sweepstakes.

The Liverpool Spring St. Leger, of 25 sovs. each, with 50 sovs. added from the Racing Fu For 3 yr olds; colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb. One mile and three quarters. The 2d horse to receive back his stake; 7 subs.

Mr. S. Fox's bl. c. *The Doctor*, by Dr. Syntax	Cartwright.	1
Mr. T. Walter's The Prime Warden	H. Edwards	2

The following also started:—Mr. Fairlie's Abraham Newland (Lye), and Sir T. Stanley's Pammon (Templeman).

Even betting on The Doctor, 7 to 1 agst. Prime Warden, and 3 to 1 each agst. Pammon and Abraham Newland. Pammon took the lead at starting, Prime Warden 2d, and The Doctor 3d. They kept together until near the Bridge, where The Doctor went in front. The last 150 yards were severely contested, The Doctor winning by a head only.

The Craven Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., with 50 sovs. added from the Racing Fund; for 2 yr. olds; colts 8st. 6lb., fillies 8st. 3lb. T.Y.C. 10 subs.

Mr. E. Peel's ch. c. *The Early Bird*	Templeman	1
Mr. T. Walter's ch. f. Bishopsgate	H. Edwards	2
Mr. Nanney's ch. f. Fair Play, by Belzoni	Calloway	3

The following also started:—Mr. W. Patten's b. c. Thrysis (Darling), and Mr. Dawson's b. c. Brecongill, by Brutandorf (Lye).

Betting: 6 to 4 each agst. The Early Bird and Bishopsgate. The odds the previous day had been materially in favor of The Early Bird, but a report got out this morning that he was rather amiss. The lot started at a slashing pace, Fair Play taking the lead and keeping it until about 100 yards from the winning post, when The Early Bird and Bishopsgate went by her, the former winning rather cleverly, after a beautiful race.

A Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for foals of 1834: colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb.; those got by untried stallions, or out of untried mares, allowed 3lb.; if both, 5lb. One mile and a distance. 4 subs.

Marquis of Westminster's ch. c. by Pantaloon (3lb)	Holmes	1
Mr. W. Turner's ch. c. Bollington, by Shrigley (5lb)	H. Edwards.	2

Even betting—Pantaloon having the call. The pace was good, Pantaloon leading throughout, and winning cleverly.

A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 sovs. added from the Racing Fund; 3 yr. olds, 6st. 10lb.; 4, 8st. 2lb.; 5, 8st. 10lb.; 6 and aged, 9st.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb. Heats, once round. 6 subs.

Earl of Derby's ch. h. *Amurath*, 5 yrs	Arthur, jun.	1	1
Sir Jas. Boswell's br. h. The Stag		0	2
Mr. Young's br. h. The Prince, aged	Lear	2	3
Mr. Peasen's br. m. Frances, 4 yrs	Lye	0	0
Mr. R. Peck's gr. c. Clints, 3 yrs	Wray	0	dr

Betting 2 to 1 on Amurath. In the first heat The Stag made play, The Prince lay 2d, and Amurath 3d. The pace quick, and the race any one's until the last moment, when Amurath got in 1st and won cleverly. In the 2d heat The Stag was the favorite, an idea having obtained credit that he made a waiting ra the first heat. The Prince took the lead, followed by Amurath and The They maintained this relative position until they came to the Bridge, when A rath dashed in front, kept the lead, and although pressed closely by The Sta The Prince, won cleverly in the end.

A Day's Sport with Mr. WEBSTER on the Prairies.

St. Louis, (Mo.) June 16th, 1837.

This week, with us, Mr. Editor, has been an eventful one, as it has witnessed the arrival and sojourn among us for a few days of the "Wise Man of the East," the able defender of the purest, the best, and wisest constitution ever framed.

Mr. Webster, with his family, arrived in our good city on the evening of last Friday. The first intimation of his appearance to the city was given by the display of a snow-white flag (a fit emblem of the purity of its honored passenger) streaming from the bow of the gallant steamer, as it came booming over the bosom of the great "Father of Waters." Banners were hoisted on the heights of all the public buildings in the place, and streamers flying in every direction from the numerous windows which looked on the streets through which he would pass. Thousands of our citizens hurried to the wharf to greet his arrival. A national salute made the city resound with its deep-mouthed welcome. On his landing he was escorted by an immense concourse of citizens in carriages, on horseback and on foot, to the National Hotel, where apartments had been prepared for his reception. On the steps of the Hotel he delivered a short and pithy address, thanking the multitude for the extremely flattering manner in which they had received himself and his family. The city was brilliantly illuminated at night, and transparencies were seen in every direction, with appropriate mottos and emblems. Never, not excepting the reception of the revered La Fayette, was any man welcomed on the west side of the Mississippi with a reception so enthusiastic, so fresh from the heart, as that with which our honored guest was greeted. The ensuing day he set apart to receive the visits of his numerous personal acquaintances, and of his fellow-citizens generally. His rooms were thronged from morning till night with men of all parties, each vieing with the other in paying that respect to the talents of one who has made himself universally popular by his untiring efforts in the cause of liberty and in upholding the constitution in its purest state, which he so richly deserves. On Sunday he paid a private visit to the Arsenal, about two miles below our city, to view the beautiful works, which are alike an ornament to our city, and reflect great credit on government, as well as to the gallant commander, Capt. Symington, for his good taste in the happy arrangement of the different buildings attached to it. After spending a short time at these works, he proceeded to the Jefferson Barracks, a military depot at which are stationed several regiments of infantry, and the newly formed corps of dragoons. At this post he was received with the most enthusiastic welcome by the different companies who met him, about a half a mile from the barracks, and escorted him in with banners flying and the cheering note of martial music swelling in delightful cadence on the air. It was a most gratifying compliment to the great man to find that his talents were so justly appreciated in the camp and the council. Mr. Webster was received by the commandant at this post, the veteran General Atkinson, with every mark of respect, with whom he passed the day in going over the grounds of the fort, and viewing the substantial works. On the following Monday, as he had expressed a desire to pay a short visit to our sister State, and view the beautiful prairies which stretch out for miles upon miles one vast plain of waving grass and green verdure, it was determined by some of our veteran sportsmen to render the day one of universal amusement to himself as well as family by the excitement of the chace—the situation of the ground, and the great abundance of game, offering a fine field for this delightful sport. A party was accordingly formed, consisting of the Hon. Wm. H. Ashley—whose devotion to field sports is so well known—the Hon. Judge Wash, Dr. Hoffman, and many other gentlemen equally ardent in the sports of the field, forming quite a formidable party. About nine o'clock Mr. Webster and his family, with many other ladies and gentlemen, in attendance, together with the hunting party, crossed the river. A short ride of two miles brought them into the heart of a beautiful prairie, which stretched out for many miles in extent; and stationing those which were merely lookers on the scene upon one of those singular and ancient mounds which here dot the plain in every direction, the hunters prepared for their sport. A shrill note from the hunter's horn brought a noble pack of hounds on the "qui vive." The dogs had scarcely put their foot on the hunting ground before a deep mouthed bay from a veteran old hunter warned them to look out for game. A few minutes soon brought them on the trail of a fine young doe which just sprung from its bed of flowers, alarmed by its keen sense of danger, and flew with the fleetness of the wind across the plain. Twelve noble hounds were on its track, making the air resound with their deep-mouthed bayings. The beautiful doe went bounding on, with its eyes wide staring and its head thrown back on its shoulders, now skimming over the level surface of the plain, now bounding over some intervening knoll, and endeavoring, with the cunning of the fox, to elude the pursuit of its enemies. On, on it speeds, straining every nerve to reach a little strip of the forest which skirts the prairie on one side, for which the deer always make on being pressed by their hot pursuers. One bound, and with a mighty effort, it clears a broad and sluggish stream, filled with a tangled mass of long grass and water lilies, almost impassable except by leaping. The dogs come rushing on, with naught but the wished for deer before their eyes, and heedless of the treacherous stream, rush in, and are soon entangled in the meshes of the rank grass. If the frighted deer could have spoken, one would have imagined it to be sending back a note of triumph and proud defiance to its relentless pursuers, as it stood on a rising ground, and blew from its nostrils a wild unearthly whistle, particular to itself. It stood but an instant to see how cunningly it had brought them into the snare, and again bounded forward, making for the wood. But the dogs were "old uns" at the game, and the hunters were used to the stratagem which the deer made to elude them. In view of this movement, a portion of the party, with two noble greyhounds belonging to Dr. H. had been stationed near the skirt of the wood to intercept its flight in that direction. A few more bounds, and the timid deer would have found an asylum in the depths of the forest, but its enemies were there. With the speed of lightning the greyhounds leaped from their leashes, and went full cry after their prey. The poor deer was now sadly perplexed which way to turn its footsteps. Enemies before and enemies behind, and nothing but a boundless plain o'er which it could fly, without having any hope that it could stand the race for any length of time with its flat-footed tormentors, it stood an image of despair. One ray of hope seemed to gleam from its eyes as it strained them towards the now far distant mounds, on one of which Mr. W. and his friends were placed. Not an instant had it to hesitate, life or death was the result of its present move. It flew for the mound with the speed of an arrow to its mark. On, on it flies, bounding high in the air, seeming scarcely to tread the ground, so swiftly does it skim over the earth. Flee swiftly, poor deer, or naught can save thee—enemies before and enemies behind—dangers beset thee in every quarter; fly for the mound and take refuge in the bosom of the bright and tender maiden who sits there with weeping eyes a witness to thy disasters; and it is flying to the very spot on which our party is placed. The hounds are close at its heels, it must reach that place with a few more bounds or it is lost! Look! it is at the foot of the hill—it thinks it has gained at last a resting place, but in its swift flight it does not see new enemies before it. (Oh! that they were thy friends). See it struggling up the steep ascent—it has gained the top, and is just taking refuge in the woods secure from its hot pursuers, when a sharp report is heard—the crack of a rifle, and with one shrill cry of agony the stricken deer bounds high in the air, and falls dead almost at the feet of the party. Mr. Webster has shot it. In his excitement of the chace, he has seized a rifle that stood by the side of a tree, and with the unerring aim of a backwoodsman, has shot it through the heart—the first and last victim that ever fell by his hand. Poor man! he looks as though he had committed a guilty action, as he stands by its side so sorrowfully gazing at his fatal work. His lovely daughter is hanging over it, her large black eyes (oh! how black and lustrous) swimming with tears as the poor deer lies at her feet, its bosom heaving with agony as its life is flowing away in the purple stream that trickles o'er the grass: they are not hardened to such scenes. A portion of the party which had been out in another direction now returned, bringing with them a fine large buck, and as the whole party were fatigued, either by the chace or the excitement of witnessing it, they were glad to cease from the sport which had so richly rewarded them. Ripe and delicious strawberries, which grew in great plenty every where over the prairies, afforded them a delighful refreshment, and the pure water which flowed from a spring gushing out of the side of the mound slaked their thirst. The party returned to town just as the sun was sinking to his rest, richly laden with the game which their sport had procured. This is no exaggerated picture—I was one of the party. The next day, in compliance with the invitation of his numerous fellow citizens Mr. W. sat down to a barbecue, at which near 6000 persons were assembled, without including the hundreds of ladies who contributed in no slight degree to grace the scene. Mr. Webster in reply to a highly complimentary toast to him and his various public acts, arose and addressed the assembled multitude nearly two hours, on the great leading topics of the day. His speech afforded universal satisfaction, and in the course of its delivery he was frequently interrupted with the most enthusiastic cheering. The party broke up in great harmony, without any thing having occurred to interrupt the pleasure of the day—every one more than ever impressed with the talent of this great man.

This morning he took his departure in a boat for our neighboring city, Alton, where he was received as he will be wherever he wends his way, with the most hearty welcome. Thus has closed the visit of this truly great man to our city. May he every where be received with as hearty congratulation and with that respect of which he is so truly deserving, and may he soon fill that station, the first in the world, for which his talents so eminently qualify him. ELLSWORTH.

BULLETIN FROM ARKANSAS.

Batesville, (Arks.) June 5th, 1837.

Dear P.—I am all life and spirits this morning;—the *lost* has been *found*—the *dead* restored to *life*. In the midst of all our grief and distress, when it would have been "hoping against hope" to hope my friend Egner was alive, we received the pleasing intelligence of his arrival in Orleans, having floated on a log fifteen miles after the burning of the Ben Sherrod.

What say you to a small sprinkling in the way of a *trial* for *slander*, which happened not ten years ago in a certain part of the "Rackensacks." Here goes.

Slander.—Peter January, plaintiff, *vs.* Philander Fortelberry, defendant. Damages, $1000.

Judge—"Gentlemen, are you ready for trial?"

Plaintiff's Attor.—"We are ready, and await the defendant's plea."

Defendant's Attor.—"Will you take a plea of "not guilty" in short on the record?"

Plaintiff's Attor.—"Yes. Mr. Clerk, enter a plea of 'not guilty,' and issue joined."

Judge—"Clerk, call up the jury and swear them."

The jury were sworn, when the plaintiff's attorney ordered Thomas Hombuckle to be sworn, and the clerk administered the oath.

Plaintiff's Attor.—"Mr. Hombuckle, please state to the jury what you know about this matter."

Thomas Hombuckle—"Well, look here, boys, it aint much I know about it. You all know me—Old Uncle Tommy, as you call me. Well, you all recollect that time when I had the bully fight with Jim Couch—I reckon I give him hell. But, boys, I tell you he was much of a man. There sits Bony Greenleaf, he saw it all; and I do say it, publicly and above board, that Bony didn't do the clean thing that time; for when the fight fust begun, Jim Couch was sorter using me up, then Bony shouted for Jim; but when I begin to come to my breath, and had the '*never fail*' grab on Jim, Bony commenced hallooing for Uncle Tom. But I tell him, I'll pay him for it yet, and that is as good as if I had sworn it."

Judge—"What is the man talking about?—The witness must proceed with his evidence, or I will send him to jail."

Hombuckle—"Look here, Judge, don't infringe on uncle Tommy; he know'd you when you couldn't earn your salt."

Judge—"Silence, Sir. Mr. Clerk, enter a fine of $20 against the witness; and if he was not a poor man, I would fine him $100."

Hombuckle—"I dare you to do it."

Judge—"Take him to jail, Sheriff."

Hombuckle—"Stand back, Dan Potts, or I will make you think a *clap of thunder* had struck you."

Plaintiff's Attor.—"May it please the Court, Mr. Hombuckle is somewhat *corned*, and I know, Sir, he had no intention of committing a contempt;—he is a privileged character, and has *curious* ways about him."

Judge—"Mr. Clerk, swear the witness to answer questions."

Clerk—"Thomas Hombuckle, you solemnly swear to make true and perfect answers to such questions as the Court shall propose to you."

Judge—"Did you intend to insult the Court, Sir?"

Hombuckle—"No I didn't; I meant nothing but sentimentality and friendship."

Judge—"Well, go on, Sir, with your evidence."

Hombuckle—"Well, boys, I'll try to be short. You all know the day we had the big muster at Screamersville; well, that evening a stranger *rid* up; he lit off his horse, and walked into the grocery. It warnt long 'fore he commenced cavorting,—swore he could outrun any fellow in Arkansas. I stept right up to him—says I, 'Look here, stranger, I aint much at running, but I can knock the buffaloes out of you.' Says he, 'I don't fight.' 'Well, then,' says I, 'take in your sign-board.' Says he, 'What do you mean by that?' Says I, 'I mean to tell you to hush up.' Well, he kept mighty quiet arter that, but he got monstrous drunk 'fore night, and then Philander Fortelberry proposed we should all '*rail-pen*' him. 'Agreed,' says every one but Pete January; and right upon the strength of it, Pete and Philander commenced quarrelling. Well, arter a while, some took him out and stripped him, and then they blacked him as black as a *nigger*, and led him right up to the public square, and put him in a pen; it warnt more than four feet high, and he had to stoop, sorter standing on his hands and feet; then they put big logs on the top of it. Next morning he was sober, and everybody gathered round the pen to see him, and he looked just like a varmint. Well, they turned him out. Arter *breckfast*, Philander Fortelberry and myself started home, and we didn't get far before we come across a *bear*; I had my gun, and fired at him; away he went, and Philander arter him. The bear plunged off a bluff, and Philander close at his tail. I went to the place, and they had jumped off a place the rise of 18 feet *in pertickular*. We lost the bear, and I went straight home. I did not feel very well when I got home. The old lady axed me what made me stay so long; so I told her. Well, next day I went over to Philander Fortelberry's. I rode up to the house, and there I saw little Jim Fortelberry, and I axed him if his daddy was at home, and he said he was. So I lit off and went in, and found Philander and Mrs. Fortelberry, and all the little Fortelberry's. 'How do you do?' says Mrs. Fortelberry. 'Right well.' says I; 'how do you do?' says I. 'I am pretty well,' says she, 'except the *rumaty aches*.' Well, Philander pulled out a bottle of the 'overjoy-full,' and we took a swig. Then Philander commenced talking about Pete January. Says he, 'Hombuckle, I am going to be in the *bowels* of a January before six months.' And now, boys, there is the word with the *hair* on it."

Here closed Hombuckle's testimony. He was cross-examined, much to the amusement of the crowd. After he had been ordered to stand aside, he put out to a grocery; in a few minutes I heard him snorting. Says he, "Boys, what do you think of that d——d fool Judge? Well, I can tell you what sort of a fellow he is.—I know'd him when he kept a little grocery, and warnt worth the powder that would kill him. But he shouted for Van Buren, and that made his fortune."

This is enough of the trial, and too near the truth for us "poor souls," who are cursed with a *corrupt Judiciary*, elected on party grounds.

Well, what think you of Miss Medley's race with Birmingham?—7:17—that is as fast as shot out of a shot gun. What will "O'Kelly" say? I reckon Hickory John would have been in a tight place in that crowd. "P. of T." is a jewel—you should prevail on him to write often. His description of Priam is so graphic, that when reading it you seem to have the horse before you. Cippus is gathering fresh laurels; he beat a fine field at Washington, though the time was only so so. Angora's race at Plaquemine again places her where she was ere she was beaten by Rodolph. She is, in my opinion, the fastest single dash of two miles' nag in America. I wait with anxiety the result of the Dorsey stakes. The Luzboroughs are winning fame for their sire. The best importations are bound to improve our stock. I think Leviathan has been of vast benefit to Western stock. Fanny Wright is a "*Trifle*," and victory after victory has been hers. My favorite Linnet, I fear, has been overworked. She wants rest, and when she gets it, I shall expect her to knock it off in 7:50—7:54.

I saw "Pete" a few days ago; he is safe in his election, as some of McCampbell's friends brought from Orleans lots of paper on the pet banks, and the people won't take it, and the way they curse *Van* is about right.

Yours truly, N.

FLY FISHING.

I have read in the Times of the 24th, a piece taken from the London Sporting Magazine, headed "Fly Fishing." There is much correct information in that piece, but there is also much, in my opinion, to mislead new beginners in the art. I say beginners, for believe me, old and experienced fly-fishers will not be taken with a fly "formed of the leaf and yellow blossom of the broom." No, they will stick to the deceptive fly of the proper color for the time. It is nonsense to believe there is a color for every month—it is not so—for in fishing three mill pools on the same stream, on the same day, I have found that, to be successful, I had to change my fly and the color of it at each pool; and in fishing in the same places a few days after, the only fly trout would rise to, was a small grey one, and to such a one they would rise freely in all the pools. In the early part of the season, when the trout is poor, he will run at any thing; but towards June he becomes a perfect epicure in his feeding at such time. I would like to witness the success of a fisherman at one of our limped lime-stone brooks—more properly creeks—depending on the leaf and blossom of the broom for a fly; believe me, he would ever after be a convert to the use of a well-dressed artificial one. I was once at Big Spring, in Cumberland Co., Pennsylvania, with a young friend from New-York, who said his flies were of the right sort. We commenced fishing near each other. Very soon I landed four or six brace, but not a trout would rise to his fly. I examined it, and found it a peacock body and peacock wing. I took a small grey fly from my own book and tied it on his hooks, and had the pleasure of seeing him kill fifteen brace with it. Another time I was at Silver Spring, in the same County. It was an evening of alternate clouds and sunshine, with a gentle breeze, and exactly what fly-fishers call a killing day; yet, for one hour, not a trout would rise, although I changed my fly several times.—At last I tried a light rust colored body and long dark wing, and marked "Irish Salmon," and with that fly I killed, without changing the spot on which I stood, fourteen trout weighing from two to two and a half pounds each. All I contend for, is, that much of our success in trout fishing depends on the size and color of our flies, and the firmness of the gut or sinew next the fly.

In conclusion, I may be pardoned for saying that I have been for more than forty-five years ardently attached to field sports, from the pulling down with a pack of stag hounds the noble buck on our mountains, to the killing of rail and reed birds on the river sides, and I am convinced these same field sports have added ten years of life to a frame and constitution never robust. G.

LETTER FROM PETE WHETSTONE.

Devil's Fork of Little Red River. (Arks.) June 5th, 1837.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I am as safe as a *Linnmon*,—I have laid out old McCampbell. Here is the result:—

	Whetstone.	McCampbell.
Raccoon Fork Township	9	27
Devil's Fork Township	39	4
Owl Creek Township	18	12
Kinderhook Township	14	16
Total	80	59

If the election had have come on three weeks ago, he would have beat me. But Tom Jones and Bill Hightower got from Orleans about ten days before the election. They carried down a flat boat of steers and hogs, and got a tolerable fair price. But they were real ranting, roaring democrats, and took their pay in paper money, such as the *Planter's Bank of Mississippi*, because Martin Van Buring and Gen. Jackson both said this sorter paper was better than U. S. Bank notes. When they got home, they found the newspapers full of dreadful accounts about broken banks, and the *Planter's Bank* was on the list. They have tried to get off their money, but the boys are too smart to take it; so they turned right into abusing Van Buring and old McCampbell, and the way they spread themselves for me was a caution.

Sister Sal was married two days after the election;—now just guess who she took? Why, Jim Cole, I don't like the color of Jim's hair, but he didn't make it, and it aint his fault. He is all *horse*, I tell you, and when it comes to real hard fighting, give me Jim. He whipped two fellows from *Cravat-stuffing* Creek. Bill Spencer was sick, and didn't go to the election. Jim went down to the Rock to get some finery for Sal's wedding. Lord, you ought to hear him tell about what he saw; he heard them trying a fellow for murder. He says the lawyers made all sorts of speeches, and that lawyer McCampbell aint no more to them than a *pole cat* to an old *he*. He said one of them that they called the State's Feliciter, told the jury that "he warnt *arter blood*, but he wanted the prisoner, if he was guilty, to die the *ignominious* death we all had to die—for, gentlemen of the jury, he hurried a man of good *kerrecter* into the presence of an *unjust God*."

Jim bought him a *long-tail blue*, and a sure enough fur hat, and the way he struts now is sorter *peacocky*. I guess Jim will be running for a *militia officer* before long.

Bill Spencer and Dan Looney have made another race; they run three hundred yards, with 60 pounds on each. Bill Spencer runs the "Hyena" against the "Charmed Bullet." They bet four cows and calves, and 1000 pounds of *mast-fed* pork. I think the Hyena can lay him a dot. I am going over to Batesville this Fall to see the big races, and I mean to go my death on "Independence." I got your paper t'other day for the first time, and before I could read it through, somebody packed it off.

Changing the subject, there has been a heap of scandal started in the *rattlesnake neighborhood*, all growing out of a camp-meeting they had about six months ago. Old aunt Peggy Sims told me t'other day, with a sorter of smile, that the *rattlesnake gals* had out-*fattened* anything she ever saw; and, says she, what else could be expected when they make a *circuit rider* of such a handsome young fellow. Let me tell you one thing. "Pete," says she, "I am now seven-and-seventy years of age. I have been used to camp-meetings all my life, and I never knew it to fail, that *nine months after them* there was *three times as many babies born* as at any other time of the year." Ever yours,

PETE WHETSTONE.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

Buffalo, June 27, 1837.

Dear Sir,—"The Spirit of the Times" is deservedly a favorite in every part of the country where any spirit yet remains, and Buffalo, crippled as she is by reverses in her affairs, and by the late wanton attack on her banking institutions, has enough energy, taste, and feeling left to appreciate and patronise merit.

Josephine Clifton, to whom you have affixed the just epithet of *superb*, has sailed this morning in the General Porter for the West, after a brief but successful engagement here. Last evening the elegant theatre of this city was filled with the fashion and beauty of the place, and Miss Clifton had a "bumper at parting." She played Julia, in the Hunchback, and in the after-piece of "Is He Jealous?" When the curtain fell, she was called out, and in a neat address returned her thanks for the generous patronage she had received. She was but ill supported, except by Mr. McKinney, who really acquitted himself well in the character of Master Walter. You must know, that by some strange accident, I have always been out of town whenever Miss C. has played at our theatres; I therefore watched her attentively and critically. The surpassing elegance and beauty of her person on the stage, the grace of her movements, and the purity and neatness of her pronunciation, prepossessed me in her favor at once; it only remained to be seen whether she was a well-read and discriminating actress. At first I thought she was not: the evenness of her playing struck me as precluding any great superiority; but as the interest of the piece increased, she became really admirable and impressive. I at length came to the conclusion that she was the best *Julia* I had ever seen, except Miss Kemble, and of this opinion I remain.

While here, Miss C. staid at the American, where her unaffected manners, maidenly reserve, and modest carriage, gained her the good will of "the whole house." It is to be hoped that the career she has before her, will be marked for

its exemption from the dangers and the vicissitudes which have generally followed the distinguished of her profession. She was attended to the boat by "troops of admiring friends."

The summer travel has commenced, and Niagara has her share of the *beau monde*. Adieu, ——.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, of the U.S. Navy, having determined to retire from the Turf, offers for sale his entire Stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

Stallions.

No. 1.—The imported horse TRUSTEE, foaled in 1829, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, full brother to Mundig, the winner of the Derby in 1835, and was a capital race horse himself. See English Racing Calendar. [*SOLD.*]

No. 2.—POWHATTAN, grey horse, 16 hands high, foaled in 1830, by Monsieur Tonson, out of the celebrated four mile mare, Iris, by Archy. He was a horse of great promise as a racer. He won mile heats and 3 mile heats from good fields, and broke down in running 1 mile heats against Post Boy and Henry Archy.

No. 3.—DASHALL, br. h. foaled in 1825, 16 hands high, by Archy, out of Meg Dodds, full sister to Miss Mattie, and Isabella—his dam now owned by Mr. R. L. Stevens, of New York. He was a capital racer himself, and his colts are amongst the most promising in New Jersey.

Horses in Training.

No. 4.—MIDDLESEX, ch. h., 16 hands high, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred—her dam Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castmira, the dam of Archy. There are very few horses in the United States that rank higher for speed or beauty than Middlesex.

No. 5.—BERTRAM, gr. c. foaled in 1833, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace. This is a horse of good speed and bottom. For the pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 6.—Imported b. h. LANGFORD, by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Hercules, purchased by J. P. Corbin, Esq. from the King's Stud at Hampton Court—foaled in 1833. He was the winner of the great Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, over the National Course, Spring of 1836.

No. 7.—Imported b. h. JOHN BULL, foaled 1833, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Woful—grandam Beningbrough, g. g. dam Highflyer—See English Stud Book. This horse has never been started, but is a colt of great promise.

No. 8.—Ch. c. SOMERSET, foaled 1834, by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Middlesex.

No. 9.—B. f. MARIANNE, foaled 1834, by Dashall, out of Young Nettletop, the dam of Monmouth. For pedigree of Young Nettletop see No. 18.

Colts and Fillies.

No. 10.—Ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Charlotte Pace, foaled 1835. For pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 11.—Bay f. by Eclipse, dam Miss Mattie, foaled 1835—for pedigree of Miss Mattie see No. 19.

No. 12.—Chesnut colt by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the dam of Middlesex, foaled 1835.

No. 13—Chesnut filly by POWHATTAN, out of Blanche, foaled 1835—see No. 20.

No. 14—Chesnut colt by Shark, out of Miss Mattie, foaled 1835—see No. 19.

Brood Mares.

No. 15—Bay mare CHARLOTTE PACE, by Archy, her dam by the Imp. horse Restless, out of Greed's celebrated Celer mare by Janus—stinted to Trustee.

No. 16—Chesnut mare POWANCEY, by Alfred, out of Virgo, by Sir Peter Teazle, imported, out of Castmira, the dam of Archy—stinted to Trustee.

No. 17—Gray mare BIANCA, foaled 1830, by Medley, out of Powancey—stinted to Trustee.

No. 18—Chesnut mare YOUNG NETTLETOP, by Marshal Duroc, out of Old Nettletop, by Diomed—Imp. horse Old Shark—Lindsay's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Silver Eye—Imp. horse Crawford—Imp. horse Old Janus—Imp. Mare—See Am. Stud Book, page 361. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 19—Bay mare MISS MATTIE, by Archy, out of Black Ghost—Miss Mattie is own sister to Wren's celebrated mare Isabella, the dam of Drone and Martha Washington—See Am. Stud Book, vol. 1, page 267. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 20—Chesnut mare BLANCHE, foaled 1821, by Marshal Duroc, dam Cornet, by Expedition, grandam Cleopatra, by Imp. Slender, g. g. dam Semiramis, by Messenger, g. g. g. dam the Bashaw mare. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 21—Imported bay mare LADY MOSTYN, foaled 1831; got by Teniers, out of Invalid, by Whisker; grandam Helen, by Hambletonian, g. g. dam Susan, out of Drowsy, by Drone; Mr. Goodrich's Old England mare, &c. See English Stud Book and Weatherby's Racing Calendar. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 22—Gray mare HELEN, foaled 1830; by Lance, dam by Oscar—Expedition, by Imp. Highlander—Fair American, by Lloyd's Traveller—Miss Slamerkin, by Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub mare, by Cub. Stinted to Trustee.

These horses have been selected from the most fashionable Stock in the United States and in England, without regard to cost. They are estimated to be worth over 40,000 dollars, but will be sold together for $30,000, or one or more at a low valuation.

FOR SALE.

TWO THOROUGHBRED FILLIES, 4 years old this Spring. They are only halter broke, never having been backed.

No. 1. A brown filly, of fine size, with plenty of bone and sinew, and in good form. She was got by Eagle, her dam Lady Mar, (the dam of the honest running horse Lara), grandam by Imp. Citizen, g. grandam by Quicksilver, (he by old Medley, out of a Wildair,) g. g. grandam by Selim, g. g. g. grandam by Fearnought. Price $300.

No. 2. A Chesnut filly, by Eagle, her dam by Thornton's Rattler, grandam by Escape, her g. grandam Young Adeline, by Topgallant; her dam (Col. Taylor's celebrated running mare Adeline) by Imp. Spread Eagle; her dam by Whistle Jacket; her dam by Old Rockingham; her dam by Old Cub; her dam the famous Lady Northumberland. Escape was by Col. Hoomes's imported horse Horns (he by Precipitate) his dam by Imp. Bedford, his grandam Gisteria (full sister to Gis, imported by Col. Hoomes,) was by Balloon, he by old Highflyer. This filly is not all, but is strong, and in fine running form. Price $500.

Eagle, the sire of these fillies, was bred by the late Stephen Hunt, of New Jersey. Eagle was got by old Sir Solomon, his dam by Imp. Honest John, (he by Sir Peter Teazle), grandam Zelipha, by old Messenger, then tracing up to the same ancestry with Rattler, Sumpter, Flirtilla, &c. In consequence of the death of Mr. Hunt, Eagle was not trained. He was full brother to the celebrated running mare Roxana.

If the above described fillies are not sold previous to the first meeting at the Philadelphia and Camden Race Course, (last week in May,) they can be seen there.

For further information, apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway, New York, or to Gen. C. IRVINE, the breeder of them, at Philadelphia.

May 1, 1837. [m6]

DENTISTRY.

I HAVE returned from a protracted sea voyage excursion to the West Indies, and am now prepared to see my patrons and friends at my residence, corner of Broadway and Chambers street. [A22] JOHN BURDELL.

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE—JUNE, 1837.

CONTENTS—*Original Papers.*—The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky; Sunrise and Sunset; Leaves from a Lady's Journal, No. 5; Rose to the Dead; Von Jung, the Mystific; The Betrayed; A Legend of Charlemagne; Schiller's Wilhelm Tell; A Death Scene; The Totem; Vanderlyn.

Critical Notices.—Lockhart's Life of Scott; An Address on Temperance; The Life of Oliver Goldsmith.

Monthly Commentary.—Philadelphia; Seventh Annual Report of the American Lyceum. This day published by Geo. Dearborn & Co. 38 Gold-st.

New York, June 1, 1837. [J3]

LOUISVILLE HOTEL,

[mh18 6m.] LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL.

COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Betsey Ransom, 4 yrs. old this Spring, of fine form, great substance, and good action. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A22]

HEALTH.

205 GREENE STREET, near Bleecker, and No. 333 Brosdway, corner of Anthony Street.

The exercises of the Gymnasium are the best adapted, and the most equinomical for time and money, for the preservation of health and invigorating the constitution. Hundreds of persons of this city can testify to the beneficial effects from exercising in the Gymnasium.

W. Fuller respectfully announces that he has erected in the rear of his establishment in Greene-st. a Shooting Gallery.

The terms will be made known on applying as above.

Sparring and Fencing taught as usual

N.B. The junior class for Gymnastic exercises three days in the week, from 4 to 5 o'clock.

A CARD.

MESSRS. SCOTT & THORNE, proprietor of the new Cincinnati, Vicksburg, and other Western and Southern Taxures, are making arrangements for the opening of the former establishment on the first of July next.

Communications addressed to Mr. Jas. Thorne, at his residence, No. 8 Bedford-street, near Bleecker, will be punctually attended to.

Mr. Thorne may be found at the City Hotel from 12 till 1 o'clock each day during his stay in New York. [J3]

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

NO. 1. *Lady Tomkins*, a chesnut, bred by Samuel Purdy, of New York, and foaled in 1831. She was got by American Eclipse, out of Katy Ann, bred by James Bathgate, Esq. of West Farms, Westchester Co., N. Y. She was got by Ogle's Oscar, (son of Imp. Gabriel and Vixen, by Imp. Medley) out of Young Maid of the Oaks (the dam of Medoc), by Imp. Expedition, grandam Old Maid of the Oaks, by Imp. Spread Eagle, &c. &c.

She is therefore the same blood as Medoc, with the addition of an intervening cross through her dam of Ogle's Oscar, from whom she obtains a dip of the blood of Imp. Gabriel and Old Imp. Medley. Not put in 1836. Stinted to Imp. Tranby, and now with him at Lexington, Ky.

No. 2. *Maid of Miami*, ch. f., foaled in 1834, by Orphan Boy, (son of Eclipse and Old Maid of the Oaks), out of Katy Ann above, large and of great substance.

No. 3. *Fleur-de-Lis*, br. f., foaled in 1835, got by Imp. Valentine, out of Katy Ann, is of one color, and in high racing form—fine size.

No. 4. *Orcille*, ch. c. foaled in 1836, by Imp. Daghee, dam Lady Tomkins, (No. 1)—large and fine.

Apply to LEWIS BEACH, merchant, New York, or M. BEACH, Lebanon, Ohio, (where the stock may be seen) and every further information given that may be required.

Lebanon, Ohio, March 17, 1837. [A29-tf.]

RIFLE TACTICS.

THIS is the title of a book recently published in this city, 72 pages, 18vo. The work is well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and every man belonging to a rifle corps should be possessed of one. Price by the dozen 31½ cents, and can be had at this office, 157 Broadway. [m13]

DOUBLE DAHLIAS.

THE subscriber has now ready for delivery, several thousand Dahlias, in pots, which are in prime season for transplanting into the garden. The prices this year are in conformity to the times, and the quality unequalled in this country. The extended patronage with which the subscriber has been favored for the last three years, has authorized him to add to his collection, the most expensive in Europe, which are now sold lower than in many of the London catalogues. A very beautiful named assortment of one dozen will be furnished at $5, several of which are $1 each by the single one—an extra fine dozen for $10—and to those who wish such as Dodd's Mary, Elphinstone's Conqueror of Europe, Elphinstone's King of Beauties, Purple Perfection, Mrs. Broadwood, Dodd's Mary Queen of Scott's, Sir Henry Fletcher, Duchess of Sutherland, Widnall's Exemplar, Widnall's Juliet, Gem. or Royal Adelaide, Fisherton's Rival, Golden Sovereign, &c., will be liberally dealt with. The roots of these sorts cost from 2 to 5 guineas each, and which will be furnished at from $2 to $5 each, as the selection may be made, (descriptions in catalogue), and thrifty plants.

Those who wish to emulate at the Dahlia Shows this season, would do well to procure themselves a few of these very rare and splendid sorts—all which will be warranted correct, and will flower this season—can be securely packed and forwarded to any part of the country.

GEORGE C. THORBURN, 11 John-street.

☞ Dahlia Poles, 5 to 8 feet, green painted, price 37½ cents. [J17-3t.]

STEAMBOAT CHAMPION.

THE Steamboat Champion having been thoroughly repaired and newly fitted up, will resume her regular trips between Mobile and Pensacola, on Sunday, the 24th inst. and will leave here every other day thereafter, at eight o'clock in the morning, precisely. This steamboat is now in first rate order, and is connected with the Florida Line to Augusta, Georgia, &c. &c. Passengers in going this route, will find it one of the safest and best in the Southern country. Fare from Mobile to Pensacola, $6. E. MURRAY, Master.

N. B. Parties wishing to charter the Champion for trips of pleasure down the Bay, can do so by giving a day or two's notice. [J17] Mobile, Ala., June 1, 1837.

RODOLPH.

THE THOROUGH-BRED STALLION AND INVINCIBLE RACE-HORSE, RODOLPH.—Having recently purchased of Robt. L. Shelly and others, the entire interest in this celebrated Horse at $20,000, and having no race on hand, except that with *Kathleen* and *Lounet*, for $20,000 a-side, which will not come off before next spring, I have determined to allow him to serve thirty mares, besides my own, the present season. As Rodolph will be positively limited to the above number, persons who wish to have his produce can secure the season of their mares, by writing either to me at Vicksburg, or to Robert Wooding, at Natchez. Two hundred dollars will be charged for each season, and pasture and grain can be obtained at the expense of the owners of the mares either at the Pharsalia Race Track, or at the Eclipse Hotel. I intend keeping him as low in flesh as I can, to keep up his life and vigor for the service of one, and never more than two mares each day, which will make him more sure, and his produce better than if his number was unlimited.

PEDIGREE, &c.

Rodolph will be 6 years old next Spring, is a rich, beautiful bay, 15 hands 2½ inches high, with uncommon strength and muscle, was got by Sir Archy (of Transport), dam by Moses, grandam by Cook's Whip, g. grandam by Craig's Alfred, who was by Imp. Medley, Cook's Whip by Imp. Whip, Sir Archy (of Transport) by old Sir Archy, out of Transport by Virginius; Old Sir Archy by Imp. Diomed, out of Imp. Castianira; Virginius by Imp. Diomed, out of Rhea by Chatham—Harris' Eclipse—Imp. Shark—Imp. Silver Eye—Imp. Valiant, &c. See English and American Stud Book.

PERFORMANCES OF RODOLPH.

He is yet young and not with drawn from the turf—has run only 7 races, and won them all without ever being put to his speed on any part of the ground!! He lost the first heat he ever ran in public, in consequence of the inexperience of his rider, as proven by his winning the second and third heats, and the race in quicker time than his competitor won the first heat.

Spring, 1831.—Rodolph, at three years old, won the stallion stakes at Lexington, Two mile heats, and at Louisville two weeks afterwards—won the 3 mile purse, in 2 heats, running the 2d heat in 5:44; then travelled up the river in a boat, to Newport, in which he was timed, but notwithstanding, won the 3 mile purse at a single heat.

Fall, 1831.—Lamed in training, and did not start in any race.

Spring, 1835.—Rodolph, at 4 years old, over the Oakland Course, at Louisville, won the Three mile heats: 1st heat, 5:51—2d, 5:48, which is the quickest heat ever run by any horse west of the mountains.

Fall, 1835.—At Louisville, Rodolph won the Four mile purse without an effort, in 2 heats, although he was pronounced by all the trainers too fat for a Two mile race. At Lexington he won the Four mile Purse at one heat, nothing running with him the 2d heat.

Fall, 1836.—He ran a match race against Anzora, the favorite and chosen champion of that gallant State, (Tennessee). Four mile heats, for $5,000 a-side. He distanced, with great ease, his competitor, the 1st heat, amidst the acclamations of admiring thousands. From Louisville he was taken to Lexington, where his then owner Mr. Burbridge intended running him on the Four mile day of the Fall races. He, however, with characteristic generosity, declined entering him, when he was advised by the Jockey Club that an entries would be made against him, and consequently no sport had.

Rodolph is a race horse of the highest order. Every gentleman who has witnessed his performances will testify to the great ease with which he has always passed his fleetest competitors, whenever he has been required to do it. His owners have never yet been guilty of running Rodolph any faster than is necessary to win, nor did ever intend running him faster than necessary *barely* to win, unless I know when I am starting him in his last race. If any gentleman thinks he has ever seen Rodolph at his speed, he will be very much astonished if he lives to see Rodolph meet his equal, both in condition for a race. I never expect to see him beaten by any horse in equal condition, nor do I believe the horse lives that can beat him Four mile heats. OSMUN CLAIBORNE.

Vicksburg, March 25, 1837. [A22]

IMPORTED STALLION, BERNER'S COMUS,

IS expected to stand in 1837, either at Boardman's Mills, 9 miles South-west from Huntsville, or at the Huntsville Race Track, at $40 the season, or $100 to insure a foal. He was shipped from Liverpool late in November, 1836, on board the ship Sherbrook, bound for Mobile. "Breeders may be assured that this horse will propagate a capital breed of Turf Stock for heats of three and four miles. He was bred in 1827, by Lord Berner, and ran by Col Wilson in 1830-31-32 and 33—was a stout racer, won a dozen prizes, mostly at Newmarket; among them 8 or 10 King's Plates and Cups, at long distances and heavy weights, and frequently in heats. Ran twice 2d to Priam—beat one of the best mares in England, Sir Mark Wood's Lucetta; beat Tranby, and several other good ones; is very near 16 hands high, of good form and remarkably nice action; of a red brown color, with a little white, and unites the Herod and Eclipse blood to the greatest perfection." Was got by Comus, out of Rotterdam, by Juniper, (so highly prized for distance). Grandam Spotless by Walton, Trumpator, Highflyer, Herod, &c. &c. I will in June bills, extend his pedigree; nothing can be richer, and his performances, in full, will be found excellent.

Huntsville, Ala., January 17, 1837. E. H. BOARDMAN.

Imported CONSOL stands at the Mills in 1837, on last year's terms, viz.: $60, or $70 at the end of the year, and $100 to insure [F1] E. H. B.

CHATEAU MARGAUX.

THE RENOWNED ENGLISH RACE HORSE AND STALLION, CHATEAU MARGAUX, will be located at my residence near Hayneville, Lowndes County Alabama, and will serve mares at one hundred dollars the season, payable the first of July, and one dollar to the Groom.

Mares from a distance will be bountifully fed with grain at $8 per month, good and extensive pasturage gratis. Ample accommodations and separate lots are prepared for mares with colts, and every care will be taken to prevent accidents and escapes, but no liability should they occur.

The season will commence on the first day of February, 1837, and expire on the first day of July. GEORGE GIVHAN.

Hayneville, Dec. 14 1836.

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.

In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the lesser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the demise of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 1837-38.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $250, forfeit $125, declaration $50. Five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $500, forfeit $125, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st July, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1834; entrance $1000, forfeit $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.)

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. M. L. Hammond names ch. c. Gerow, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
2. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Emily, by Emilius, dam Elizabeth.
3. John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough.
4. Col. John S. Ashe names ch. f. by Godolphin, dam Sally Taylor, by Kosciusko.
5. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Luzborough, dam Miss Medway, by Kosciusko.

Sweepstakes for 1838-39.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and closed 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard names b. f. by Docken, dam by Sertorius.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st August, 1837. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1835; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close 1st August, 1837. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John E. Calhoun names b. f. Nullification, by Nullifier, dam by Tartar.
2. John G. Winter names b. f. Miss Accident, by Tramp, dam by Whisker.
3. " " b. f. Miss Armstrong, by Tramp.
4. " " ch. c. Geo. Stanley, by John Stanley, d. by John Richards.
5. John Morrison names f. by Eclipse, dam by Barefoot.
6. " " f. by Henry, dam Highland Mary.
7. Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Elia, by Emilius, dam Ada.
8. Col. Pau Fitzsimmons names ch. f. Ada Byron, by Priam, dam Delphine.
9. E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Godolphin, dam Miss Medway.

Sweepstakes for 1839-40.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

Sweepstakes for 1840-41.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.

For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Emmy, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.

Sweepstakes for 1841-42.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes, Foals of 1838.

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1837 To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

WADE'S CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES, have been extolled upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only preparation to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms, and botts, loosens the hide, fines the coat, purifies the blood, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Sold at 37 1-2 cents, or $4.50 a dozen packages, accompanied with full directions and recommendations round each packet. Sold by J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, sole importing agent, where they may be obtained wholesale or retail. [J28-tf]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 26 Division St. New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama; Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama, Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

BAREFOOT.

THIS justly celebrated imported horse, one of the few now in America that ever won the Great Doncaster St. Leger, and a proved getter of winners in America, has recently been purchased by the undersigned at a high figure, and will stand for mares the ensuing season near the Oakland Race Course, Louisville, Kentucky, at the moderate price of $75 for the season, and $1 to the groom. The money to be paid, with the expense of keeping the mares, when they are taken away, or on or before the 15th of July next, when the season will end.

On the English Turf Barefoot proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day, he was not only the best in the North, but entitled to rank as the best colt of his year at Newmarket, he having there offered to run the noted Ludlow for 3000 guineas, which he declined the challenge; and he ran on, when six years old, all distances, as will be seen by a examination of his performances as here noted.

That which, in addition to unrivaled performances and pure and fashionable pedigree gives value to a stallion, Barefoot claims. He has proved himself not only a sure foal-getter, but a *getter of winners*, in this country! Where is the imported horse now in America or west of the Alleghany, with the exception of Leviathan, of whom this can be said? He is the sire of Clara Howard, the fleetest of the fleet, and game, as it the course of 3 and 4 toll's, with high Union Course weights. Also of Admiral, Ajax, Tramp, and the colt and Agnes, all winners of important races, matches or sweepstakes, in quick time, and of several other good ones.

By reference to the advertisement now or heretofore published in the Spirit of the Times, under the head of "Union Course, Long Island," of Matches and Sweepstakes to come off, it will be seen that many of Barefoot's get are heavily engaged in both matches and sweepstakes of importance. For one colt dropped last Spring, own brother to Clara Howard, $1500 was refused, when only five months old, and several others, now yearlings, could not be purchased, for less than $1,000 or $1500 each.

History and Description.—Barefoot is a chesnut, with a star and small stripe down his face, but without white feet or other white marks; standing upon short legs and of great substance, as his dimensions hereafter given show. He was bred by Gilbert Compton, Esq., near York, and foaled in 1820—was sold at an early age to Richard Watt, Esq., of Bishop Burton, near Beverley, in Yorkshire, who brought him forward on the turf, and after winning the Great St. Leger in 1823, was sold by Mr. Watt for 3000 guineas, to the Earl of Darlington, (now Marquis of Cleaveland), who, in 1827 or 1828 disposed of him to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Baronet, who sent him to America for the benefit of his native country at large, after having beaten nearly all the best runners in England, and he was landed at New York from the ship Napoleon, Capt. Smith, May 25th, 1828. C. R. Cooper, Esq., of New York, better known in the Sporting world as "an old Turfman," took the admeasurement of his different points on the day he was landed, which were then as follows:—Height, 5 feet 2½ inches—girth, 5 feet 9 inches—arm, in circumference, 1 foot 9 inches—length from the breast, or anterior point of the shoulders, to the extreme point of the hip, 4 feet 11 inches—circumference of the fore leg below the knee, 8 inches—back or sway, from the posterior termination of the scapula, or shoulder blade, to the coupling, 1 foot 5 inches.

His Pedigree cannot be surpassed—he was got by Tramp, out of Rosamond, by Buzzard; her dam Rosebury, sister to Ruby, by Phenomenon; her dam Miss West, by Matchem—Regulus—Crab—Childers—Bay Bolton. Tramp was got by Dick Andrews, out of a Gohanna mare; her dam Flaxinella, by Trentham—Woodpecker—Everlasting, by Eclipse. Dick Andrews was got by Joe Andrews, out of a Highflyer mare, her dam by Cardinal Puff—Tattler—Snip—Godolphin Arabian. Joe Andrews was got by Eclipse, out of Amaranda, by Omnium; her dam Cloudy, by Blank—Crab—Partner, &c.

On the English Turf, Barefoot proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day; having beaten nearly, if not all, the best runners in England, as will be seen by the following statement of his performances, as well as by reference to the Sporting Annals for the years 1823 to 1826, inclusive.

PERFORMANCES.

At the York Spring Meeting, 1822, he run second to Miss Fanny, in a sweepstakes of 30gs. each for two year olds, for which eight started, and three only were placed. In September, 1823, (then only two years old), he won a sweepstakes of 20gs. each, 11 subscribers, at Pontefract, carrying 7st. 5lbs. (115lbs.) beating Bordeaux and 4 others very easy. Barefoot, at the Spring meeting at York, May, 1824, at three years old, St. Leger Stakes, one mile and three quarters, 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.) beating Sir Anthony and Harpooner. Time, 3:15, or 1:51 per mile.

1824—At the August meeting at York, won a sweepstakes, 17 subscribers, 8st. 5lb. (117lb.) one mile and a quarter. Time, 2:52, or 1:52 per mile, beating Richardson's b. c. by Filho da Puta—Nitrogen—Isabella, and one other. At Pontefract, Sept. 2, won a sweepstakes, 10 subs., 11 miles 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.) beating Palatine. Won very easy.

Doncaster Meeting, Sept. 13.—Monday, Sept. 15, the St. Leger Stakes of 25 guineas each, for three year old colts, 8st. 2lb. (114lbs.); fillies 8st. (112lbs.) 84 subscribers. 1. Mr. Watt's ch. c. Barefoot, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, Goodison. 2. Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta, Scott. 3. Mr. Riddle's b. c. Comte d'Artois, R. Johnson. The following also started but were not placed: Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Comus, out of Rosanne; Lord Surrey's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville; Mr. West's ch. c. Claude Lorraine, by Rubens; Mr. Roger's b. c. Tancred, brother to Pacha, by Selim; Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c. Ringlet, by Whisker; Lord Kelburn's ch. c. Caledonian, by Standard; Mr. Bunter's br. c. by Orville, out of L'Huile de Venus; Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Mercandotti, by Muley; and Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. North Star, by Octavian. *Note*—Sherwood, Tinker, and Rosanne colt, Barefoot, Columbus, Comte d'Artois, Tancred, Mr. Uppleby's colt by Proselyte, Polly, the Lisette filley, North Star, Hydra, Meltonian, Berezina, Palais Royale, Brilliante Ringlet, Plumber, Rhubarb, Isabella, Bughton, Honest John, and L'Huile de Venus' colt, went off without being started by the clerk of the course, leaving at the post Caledonia, Mercandotti, Claude Lorraine, and Etiquette, when the Rosanne colt came in first, Barefoot second, and Comte d'Artois third. This was decided by the Stewards and gentlemen appointed from the Club to be a false start, and the race was afterwards run as above. *False Start*—Sherwood made very severe play, and kept the lead up to the Red House, when he was headed by Comte d'Artois, and some very severe running then took place between the Comte, Barefoot, and Rosanne, the latter winning by only a head. Tinker (afterwards known as the celebrated *Lottery*) was beat early, and Barefoot was shut out in running. Run in 3:22 *The Start*—The Comte here made severe play, until about two distances from home, when Barefoot came alongside of him, and won very easy by two lengths. Run in 3:23½. See page 69 of English Racing Calendar, attached to vol. 12 of the English Sporting Magazine, for 1823, and also Annals of Sporting for 1823, vol. 4, p. 248. It is also worthy of note, that the St. Leger Course, in 1823, was 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, it has since been curtailed 43 yards, leaving it of latter years only 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 132 yards, precisely 308 yards short of 2 miles, which, although run last year in 3:23, yet Barefoot in 1823, went 43 yards further in the same time, and repeated the distance with only the addition of a quarter of a second. Moreover, in the first race, ordered to be run over, in consequence of being adjudged a false start, Barefoot, although shut out, that is, hemmed in on all sides by the crowd of horses, so as to obstruct him, nevertheless, lost by only a head! And in the second trial won easy by two lengths. Here then his success did not depend upon any fortuitous circumstance; he proved himself, by repetition, decidedly the best horse, of a large lot of good ones, and is in justice entitled to credit, for that which no horse in America can show a claim,—running 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, (nearly 265 yards short of two miles), when 3 years old, with 114lbs. upon his back, in 3:23, and repeating it in 3:23½.

In corroboration of what is here said, will be found in the Annals of Sporting, vol. 4, page 244—"at length the St. Leger of 1823 is decided, and Barefoot, after running the race twice, is declared the victor, thus proving the old adage, that public running is the sure and safest criterion to back a horse."

After winning the Doncaster Great St. Leger, he was purchased by Lord Darlington (now Marquis of Cleaveland) for 3000 guineas—was carried by him to Newmarket, where he challenged Colonel Udney's celebrated horse Emilius (the recent winner of all the great stakes, and since the sire of Priam, Plenipo, Sarpedon, and others), for 1000 guineas, which was not accepted. At Newmarket, Houghton meeting, in October, he won the handicap plate, £70, distance, 1 mile, 1 quarter, and 21 yards, 8st. 10lbs. (122lbs.) beating Tressilian, Van Loo, Aaron, Nicoli, Mina, and Mr. Williamson's Partisan colt. Won easy. Thus winning every race for which he started, for that year, and beating the best horses on the turf.

1824—At four years old, June meeting, at Accot Heath, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs., against Bizarre, carrying 8st. 2lbs. (114lbs.) 2 miles and a half, 7 subscribers, and was beaten, after a well contested race. At the same place he won the Swinley stakes, 3 subscribers, mile and a half, by walking over, no horse appearing to contend with him. At Doncaster, September meeting, on Monday, he started for the King's plate, 4 miles, 10st. 7lbs. (147lbs.)—Time, 8:18, and the favorite at starting; but was beaten by Arrogance and Bordeaux, coming in third and beating Bugle. At the same meeting, the Wednesday following, he started for a sweepstakes, 3 subs. St. Leger Course, carrying 8st. 7lbs. (119lbs.) and beaten by Lottery, the best horse of his day, carrying 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.)—thus giving Lottery, of the same age, 4lb., and whom he next year beat at even weights. The time of running 3:30. The above is the only time of starting in 1824.

1825—At Lancaster, in June, then 5 years old, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 17 subscribers, 3 miles, 8st 8lbs., (120lbs.), three not given; beating Lottery, (above mentioned, 5 years old, same weight), Young Corrector, 5 years old, Panthea, 4 years old, carrying 7st. 11lbs. (100lbs.) an excellent contested race. At Derby, in July, the same year, he started for the Gold Cup, 15 subscribers, of 10 guineas each, 3 miles, 8st. 12lbs. (122lbs.) and was beaten by Sir Grey and Canteen, both 4 years old, and carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lbs.) and beating Sligo, 4 years old, carrying 114lbs.; an excellent race. At Wolverhampton, in August, he started for the Darlington Cup, added to a sweepstakes of 12 subscribers, 10 sovs. each, 3 miles, 8st. 10lbs. (122lbs.) beating Gen. Mina, 5 years old, same weight, and Sir Grey, 4 years old, 8st. 2lbs. (114lbs.) the same horse that beat him at Derby, as above stated. At Northallerton, Yorkshire, in October, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs., with a sweepstakes added, 11 subscribers, 10gs. each, 2 miles, 8st. 9lbs. (121lbs.) agst. The Alderman, 3 years old, 6st. 10lbs. (94lbs.) and was beaten only by a neck, notwithstanding the great difference of weight. It may be remarked that The Alderman has proved himself to be one of the best horses of his day. The above are all Barefoot's races of the year 1825.

1826—At the Manchester meeting, May 17th Barefoot won the Free Handicap Stakes, of 30 sovs. each, 2 miles and a distance, he carrying 9st. (126lbs.), beating Miller of Mansfield, 8st. 4lbs. (116lbs.), and Lord Grosvenor's Hybla, 5 years, 7st. 12lbs. (110lbs.); a good race; 5 to 4 on Barefoot. At Lancaster, July 21, he won the

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - Lafayette Co., Match, $5000 a-side, *Geroe* vs. *Charlotte Barnes*, Dec. 4.
" " Jockey Club, Lafayette Course, Annual meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
GREENSBURGH, Ky. - Match, 2 m. h., $1000 a-side, *Ben Duncan* vs. *Robt. Burns*, 12th Oct.
" " Match, $300 a-side, 2 mile heats, *Waxetta* vs. s. c. by Waxy, 11th Oct.
MONTREAL, L. C. - - Turf Club, Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Sept.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - - Match, 2 m. h., for 500 Bales Cotton, *Augarvs.* vs. *Rodolph*, 17th May, 1838.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - - Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
NEW YORK CITY. - - Union Course, L. I., Match, $5000 a side, Two mile heats, *Henry A. Wise* vs. *Gift*, to come off during the Second Fall meeting.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - Jockey Club Fall meeting, Eclipse Course, 1st Tuesday, 5th Dec.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa. - Camden Course, N. J.—Match, Four mile heats, $10,000 a-side, $2,000 ft., *Charlotte Russe* vs. *Lady Clifden*, during the ensuing Fall meeting.
RUSSELLVILLE, Ky. - Annual Fall meeting, 3d Thursday, 10th Aug. King's Plate to be run for.
THREE RIVERS, L. C. Annual meeting, 2d Thursday, 10th Aug.
VICKSBURG, Miss. - Match, — heats, $1000 a-side, on Tuesday previous to Fall meeting of 1837, *Miss Lindsay* vs. Col. Bingaman's f. by Leviathan & Bertrand.
" " Match, $5000 a-side, 1 mile out, *D. Hardeman, vs. Bob Collins*, 20th Nov.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

STALLIONS FOR 1837.

ANDREW, by Sir Charles, dam by Herod, will make his next season at Newmarket, Va., one mile from Petersburg. Terms in a few days. [Jn4

BAREFOOT, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, by Buzzard, will stand at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky. at $75, and $1 to the groom. Address Lewis Sherley & Co. [Jn4

BUSIRIS, by Eclipse, d. Gr. Duchess, out of Imp Duchess by Grace Lus—at J. Elliott's stable, 2 m. w. of Schuylkill Permanent bridge—$40 for thoroughbred—$20 for cold blooded m's.

BERNER'S COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam, by Juniper, will stand in 1837, either at Boardman's Mills, or at the Huntsville Race Track, at $80 and $100. [F1

CHATEAU MARGAUX, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Wasp, by Gohanna, will stand at the stable of Geo. Givhan, Haynesville, Lowndes Co., Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

CETUS, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia, will stand at "the Reeds," Caroline Co. Va., the stable of Robt. P. Corbin, at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom. [J28

COLLINGWOOD, by Ratler, dam by Trafalgar, will stand at Batesville, Ark., at $25 and $40. [F4] C. F. M. NOLAND.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, will stand at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $60 cash, $70 at the end of the year, and $100 to insure. [F11

DAGHEE, *Imported*, by Muley, out of Fatima, by Arabian Sheik, will stand at the stable of Jeromus Snediker, near the Union Course, L. I., at $40—$60—$1 to the groom. [m11

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, by Sir Archie, will stand at the stable of Hector Bell, near Winchester, Va., the stand of the late *Industry*. Particulars hereafter. [F11

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline, by Tramp, will stand at James Jackson's stable, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom. [J. 21

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose, by Pacolet, will stand at the stable of Glascock & Lacy, at the Hampton Course, Augusta, Ga., at $100 the season. [m4

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, will stand at the stable of Col. George Elliott, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

LAPDOG, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, will stand at the stable of Colonel George Elliott, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $50, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

MARGRAVE, *Imported*, (dark ch. foaled in 1829) by Muley, dam by Election, will stand at the stable of Thomas Alderson, Nashville, Tenn. Terms, 75 and $100. [J 21

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE, by American Eclipse, out of Old Honesty, by Imp. Expedition—at Joseph H. Van Mater's stable, Monmouth Co., N. J., at $40 to insure [A8.

RODOLPH, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Moses, will stand at the stable of Col. Osmun Claiborne, at Natchez, Miss. He is limited to 30 mares. [m25.]

ROBIN HOOD, by Henry, dam by Hickory, will stand at Col. John CROWELL'S stable, at Fort Mitchell, Ala., at $50 the season and $75 to insure. [m4

ROWTON, *Imported*, by Oiseau, out of Katherina, by Woful, will stand at the stable of Col. Wade Hampton, at his Woodlands estate, near Columbia, S. C., at $75 and $120. [J 21

SHARK, by Am. Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archie, will stand at the stable of John C. Goode, near Taylor's Ferry, Mecklenburg, Va., at $75. [J 21

TALMA, by Sidney, dam Sportsmistress, will stand at Montrose, Hempstead Harbor, at $25 the season, at the stable of THOS. PEARSALL.

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, will stand at the stable of John R. Snedeker, near the Union Race Course, L. I., at $60, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, will stand at the stable of P. E. Todhunter, near Lexington, Ky., at $100. First rate *blue grass* pasturage gratis. [J 28

VALENTINE, *Imported*, by Magistrate, out of Miss Forester, by Diamond, will stand at the stable of the late Bela Badger, Bristol, Bucks Co., 19 miles fm. Phila. at $50—$75. [m11

VOLCANO, by Stockholder, dam Forest Maid, by Ratray, will stand at Sulphur Rock and Batesville, Ark., the next season, at $25 and $40. [F4] T. T. TUNSTALL.

WATERLOO, by Eclipse, out of Miss Waterloo, by Hickory, will stand at New Liberty, Owen Co., Ky., at $25; a class of 5 mares at $100. [F18.

ZOHRAB, b. h. by Imp. Arab. Bagdad, dam by Imp. Boaster—owner, F. H. DAVIS, Esq.—will stand at Plaquemine, La., at $20. [m11

☞ *Advertisements like the above will be inserted during the season for* $3.

KILLING SMALL TROUT.

Every true sportsman must applaud the course taken by the editor of *The American* on the subject of the Game Laws, and all manly sports. We copy from that paper of the 22d ult. a communication upon the justice of killing small trout, with the remarks of the editor. In a subsequent number, we have found a further communication, which we are happy to insert.

To the Editor of the New York American.

"As you have recently called the attention of Sportsmen and the public generally to the subject of the Game Laws, I will take the liberty to mention a practice (too common) of some who profess to be Sportsmen, which I think very reprehensible, and should meet stern rebuke. I refer to the cruel practice of catching and destroying very small trout, in many cases but one remove from embryo.

"Whether it is that these *pseudo Sportsmen* consider it an acquisition to their character, that on their return to the city, they can report the great *number* of fish they have caught on their tour, or whether they can possibly feel any pleasure in killing a trout of two ounces, I shall not pretend to determine, but I will venture to suppose, that no person possessing a spark of generosity, or even humanity, ought to joy in catching and destroying a fish of too small size to afford any sport to the catcher, or food to the eater. I would commend to sportsmen of the above class Cowper's inimitable stanzas on Trout Fishing:—

"But if too young and easily beguiled,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
He has enjoyed the vital light of Heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the brook
The speckled captive throw."

"It was but a few weeks since that a Mr. H——, and, I believe, a Mr. G——, from the city, took, in our village near a hundred trout in one day, many of which would not weigh more than two ounces each. This is wholesale destruction, and if continued, must soon depopulate our ponds and brooks. I would ask, is it fair, thus to destroy a hundred fish, which would soon have been one, two, and three pound trout? Ask any of your readers who prize trout fishing—ask the gentleman from New York, who caught about the same time, and in the same stream, a trout that weighed over three pounds, if he would have exchanged the pleasure he took in capturing that famous fish, for the poor gratification of cation of catching a bushel of mere minnows, though they bore the name of trout. Should you see fit to publish the foregoing, or anything on the subject, you are at liberty to publish or suppress any or all of the names, as you think proper. Yours, respectfully. *Patchogue, 18th June*, 1837."

Our correspondent is quite right. Nothing but the combined essence of *cockneyism and poaching* could take pleasure in such destruction. It is a sort of "murder of the innocents," as revolting to a true sportsman as shooting a hen partridge on the ground in August, when trailing her wing, and limping along before the disturbing footsteps of man, she seeks to turn him away from "her callow young."

Such fishermen, and such shooters, like men without music, "are fit for treason, stratagem, and *spoil*." No reflection in this last word on *the* democracy—or at least none by us: let Shakspeare take care of himself.—[ED. N. Y. AM.]

A Monkey's Memory.—Authors generally seem to think that the monkey race are not capable of retaining lasting impressions; but their memory is remarkably tenacious when striking events call it into action. A monkey which was permitted to run free had frequently seen the men servants in the great country kitchen, with its huge fire place, take down a powder horn that stood on the chimney piece, and throw a few grains into the fire, to make Jemima and the rest of the maids jump and scream, which they always did on such occasions very prettily. Pug watched his opportunity, and when all was still, and he had the kitchen entirely to himself, he clambered up, got possession of the well-filled powder-horn, perched himself very gingerly on one side of the horizontal wheels placed for the support of saucepans, right over the waning ashes of an almost extinct wood fire, screwed off the top of the horn, and reversed it over the grate. The explosion sent him half-way up the chimney! Before he was blown up, he was a snug, trim, well-conditioned monkey as you would wish to see on a summer's day; he came down a carbonated nigger in miniature, in an avalanche of burning soot. The thump with which he pitched upon the hot ashes in the midst of the general flare up, aroused him to a sense of his condition. He was missing for days. Hunger at last drove him forth, and he sneaked into the house close-singed, begrimed, and looking scared and devilish. He recovered with care, but, like some other great personages, he never got over his sudden elevation and fall, but became a *sadder* if not a *wiser* monkey. If ever Pug forgot himself, and was troublesome, you had only to take down a powder-horn in his presence, and he was off to his hole like a shot, screaming and clattering his jaws like a pair of castanets.

That our Kentucky readers may not be surprised that we do not report the Oakland races, we annex the following from a Louisville paper:—

OAKLAND RACES.—In reply to the note of "Rodolph," published last evening, we have but to say, that the delay in publishing the official account of the late races, we have been assured by the Secretary, is occasioned by the temporary loss of the books, which have been mislaid, but which doubtless will shortly be recovered, when he will furnish us with a full and correct report.

We think it would cure most men of their fondness for the sports of the Ring to read the account of the recent fight at Cheviot, Ohio, between Owen, "the Manchester Pet," and one McReynolds, of the Emerald Isle. Some one has taken the pains to send us an elaborate and scientific account of this fight. From the tone of the letter we doubt not it was kindly intended;—therefore our thanks are due; but the flesh of our readers would creep away from them to read the bruising details. We cannot admit the report.

We rarely meet with a more striking delineation of character than the following, from the *Foreign Quarterly Review*.

NAPOLEON'S CHARACTER.—Napoleon's held out a powerful attraction for the mind of a poet. Remote, stern, and solitary, he suffered nothing of his grandeur to be diminished by the common-place intercourse of mankind. Hidden from public view in a circle of statesmen and soldiers of high fame, he was almost wholly invisible to the popular eye, except on some great and chosen occasion, when he emerged from this living cloud, prepared to dazzle and perplex all minor curiosity by its full splendors. His private life was shrouded in mystery. His public life consisted of those overwhelming bursts and profound obscurations which heightened each other's effect, and alike bewildered the general mind.—One great purpose of his conduct was evidently to make the feeling universal that he was not a man like other men; that he was gifted with other and loftier faculties, and made to accomplish bolder and more extended designs—that he was less a statesman than a governing mind; less a general than a genius of war; less a man than a destiny. His idea of Napoleon "star," even if it originated in charlatanism, may have grown upon such a mind, and shaped such a destiny. There is no stimulant of human powers so vivid as the belief that some high achievement is yet to be wrought by those powers. The mind which thinks itself made only to creep on the ground will never start upon his feet.—All men of capacious intellects instinctly love to think that those intellects are given for more than the common career of life. They delight to believe themselves urged on by some resistless hand to the labors and triumphs of greatness; to rank themselves, in some sense, with those high agencies which, invisible in their nature, yet palpably mould and urge the course of human things to have some associate nature and kindred impulse with those resistless beings who "ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm." Napoleon's mind was less European than Oriental. His singular subtlety, his remorseless vindictiveness, his disregard of human life, were as Oriental as his passion for pomp, his haughty abstraction, and his rage of absolute power. He always had the vastness of Oriental conquest before his eye. The triumphs of European war were trivial to him; his genius of battles was a Colossus, with one foot on Europe and one on Asia; Tamerlane and Jenghiz Khan, sweeping half the world with their tempest of cavalry, were his models; and, at the first moment in which he found himself at the head of an independent army, in the invasion of Egypt, he sketched a plan of conquest stretching from Africa over Asia Minor on the one hand, and Hindostan on the other; his banner was to concentrate the horsemen of the South and North, and then, with his trumpet sounding at once to the Nubian and the Tartar chivalry, he was to march his unnumbered columns on Europe and unite Paris with Calcutta and Pekin.

A Reg'lar Fat Man.—'I'll tell you what it is, young boa constrictor,' said Mr. Weller, impressively, 'if you don't sleep a little less, and exercise a little more, ven you comes to be a man you'll lay yourself open to the same sort o' personal inconwenience as was inflicted on the old gen'lm'n as wore the pig tail.—"What did they do to him?' inquired the fat boy, in a faltering voice. 'I'm a goin' to tell you,' replied Mr. Weller; 'he was one of the largest patterns as was ever turned out; reg'lar fat man as hadn't caught a glimpse of his own shoes for five and forty years.' 'Lor!' exclaimed Emma; 'no, that he hadn't, my dear,' said Mr. Weller; 'and if you'd put an exact model of his own legs on the dining table afore him, he wouldn't ha' known 'em. Well, he always walks to his office with a wery handsome gold watch chain hanging about a foot and a half, and a gold watch in his fob pocket as was worth—I'm afraid to say how much, but as much as a watch can be—a large, heavy round manufacturer, as stout for a watch, as he was for a man, with a big face in proportion.—You'd better not carry that ere watch, said the old gen'l'm'n's friends, you'll be robbed on it, says they. Shall I? says he. Yes, you will, says they. Vell, says he, I should like to see the thief as could get this here watch out, for I'm blessed if I ever can; it's such a tight fit, says he, and venever I vants to know what's o'clock, I'm obliged to stare into the baker's shops, he says. Well, then, he laughs as hearty as if he was agoin to pieces, and out he walks agin, with his powdered head and pig tail, and rolls down the strand with the chain hangin' out furder than ever, and the great round watch almost burstin' through his great kersey smalls.

There warn't a pickpocket in all London as didn't take a pull at that chain, but the chain 'ud never break, and the watch 'ud never come out, so they soon got tired o' dragging such a heavy old gen'l'm'n along the pavement, and he'd go home and laugh till the old pig-tail wibrated like the pendulum of a Dutch clock. At last, one day as the old gen'l'm'n was a rollin' along, and he sees a pickpocket as he know'd by sight a comin' up, arm in arm with a little boy with a wery large head. Here's game, says the old gen'l'm'n to himself, they're a goin' to have another try, but it won't do. So he begins a chucklin' wery hearty, ven all of a sudden the little boy leaves hold of the pickpocket's arm, and rushes head foremost straight into the old gen'l'm'n's stomach, and for a moment doubled him right up with the pain. Murder, says the old gen'l'm'n. All right, sir, says the pickpocket, a whisperin' in his ear. And ven he come straight again, the watch and chain were gone, and what's worse than that, the old gen'l'm'n's digestion was all wrong ever afterwards to the wery last day of his life. So just you look about you young feller, and take care that you don't get too fat."

Pickwick Papers.

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA RACES.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES are now open to be run over the Camden and Philadelphia Course.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr olds that never won a race; Fall meeting, 1837; Mile heats. Ent. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st Aug. Now 5 subs., viz.:

Jas. M. Selden, | Isham Puckett,
Wm. Jones, | J. S. Garrison.
A. L. Botts,

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, (Fall meeting, 1837,) Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200. To close 15th Sept.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, (Spring meeting, 1838,) $500 ent., $200 ft.; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st Jan., 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, (Spring meeting, 1838,) Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $250; 4 or more to make a race, to close 1st Nov., 1837. Now 2 subs.

A Sweepstakes, (Fall meeting, 1838,) with colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Two mile heats, ent. $500, ft. $200; 4 or more to make a race, to close 1st June, 1838.

A Sweepstakes, (Spring meeting, 1839,) for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st Jan., 1839.

A Sweepstakes, (Fall meeting, 1839,) for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. 200; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st June, 1839.

A Sweepstakes, (Spring meeting, 1840,) for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200; 4 or more to make a race; to close 1st June, 1838; to which there is now 5 subs.

A Sweepstakes, (Fall meeting, 1840,) for colts and fillies then 3 yrs. old, Two mile heats; ent. $500, ft. $200.

Philadelphia, July 6, 1837. [Jn8] W. N. FRIEND.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

ON the last Saturday in July next I will sell at my Farm, St. Leger, in Chesterfield County, 15 miles from Richmond, and 25 from Petersburg, *all* my Blooded Stock, consisting of BROOD MARES, COLTS, and FILLIES, of all ages; together with the whole stable of horses trained by me this Spring—a list of which follows:—

Experiment, 5 yrs. old, by Jack Downing, dam by Rattler.
Ormond, 5 yrs., by Charles, dam by Alfred.
Margaret Armistead, 5 yrs., by John Oppar, dam by Ogle's Oscar.
Reindeer, 4 yrs., by Sussex, out of the dam of Margaret Armistead.
Sorrel Filly, 4 yrs., by Charles, dam by Hal, grandam sister to Trule's dam.
Sorrel Colt, 3 yrs., by Charles, dam by Medley, grandam Merino Ewe.
Sorrel Colt, 3 yrs., by Charles, dam by Tariff, grandam sister to Tuckahoe.
Sorrel Colt, 3 yrs., by Eclipse, dam by Jack Andrews.
Bay Colt, 3 yrs., by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Charles.
Sorrel Filly, 3 yrs., by Eclipse, dam by Screamer.
Sorrel Filly, 3 yrs., by Eclipse, dam by J. C.
Gr. F. Gift, 3 yrs., by Grey Beard, dam by Charles.
S. F., 2 yrs., by Andrew, dam Drunken Frolic.
S. F., 2 yrs., by Andrew, dam Niree.
B. F., 2 yrs., by Grey Beard, dam by Charles.
S. F., 1 yr., by Hotspur, dam Drunken Frolic.
S. F., 1 yr., by Hotspur, dam by Tariff.
S. F., 1 yr., by Hotspur, dam by Medley, grandam Merino Ewe.
S. F., 4 yrs., Full Sister to Collier.

Brood Mares.

Arietta.
Drunken Frolic, by full brother to Middlesex (Capt. Stockton's), out of the dam of Collier.
Sorrel mare, by Medley, dam Merino Ewe.
Bay mare, by Tariff, dam Sister to Tuckahoe.
Bay mare, by John Richards, out of the dam of Trumpator.
(With their foals.)

Also the most promising colt I know in Virginia, by Shark, dam Arietta, with a great many others.

Terms of sale, 12 months credit, with interest added. Negotiable notes, with approved endorsers.

Black Heath, July 1, 1837. [Jn8] JOHN HETH.

FOR SALE.

THREE SPLENDED JACKS, for Breeding.—They are from the Pyrenees, of extraordinary height, being from 15 to 16 hands high, with immense bone, and in every respect superior animals, and worthy the attention of breeders. They can be seen at Lewis's stable, corner of Stone and Broad sts.

For terms apply to 81 Front-st., up stairs. [Jn8-3t]

TREE HILL (Va.) RACES.

THE following Sweepstakes are open to be run over the Tree Hill Course, Fall meeting 1837.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Two mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100 Four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept. Now one sub. and four promised.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Mile heats; ent. $200, h. ft. Four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept. Expected to be large, now 1 sub.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds that never won a race prior to naming, Mile heats; ent. $100, h. ft. Four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Sept. Several have promised to come down to this stake.

Tree Hill, June 27, 1837. [Jn8]

SWEEPSTAKES,

TO be run for this Fall, over the Jefferson (Va.) Jockey Club Track. The meeting (most probably, as usual) two weeks previous to the Washington City races. Three or more to make a race—free for all 3 year old colts and fillies that have not won stakes at fashionable courses.

1st. Two miles and repeat—entrance $250, forfeit $75.
2d. One mile and repeat—entrance $150, forfeit $40.
The entries in either stake to be made on or before the 1st of August.

Charlestown, June 29, 1837. [Jn8] WM. CROW, Jr., *Treasurer.*

PUBLIC NOTICE.

WE, the undersigned, will offer at public sale, at the late residence of JOSEPH A. MABRY, deceased, in Knox county, twelve miles west of Knoxville, on the 24th day of October next, and continue until the sale is completed, the well known stable of Race-Horses and a variety of other Blooded Stock, all the Farm Horses, Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, Jacks and Jennies, Household and Kitchen Furniture of various descriptions; the well-known Farm, the late residence, (except the widow's dower), together with all the other smaller tracts belonging to said estate; all the Corn, Fodder, Oats, Hay, Wheat, &c., which is on hands at the day of sale. Many other articles too tedious to mention.

Bond and approved security, and twelve months credit on all sums over five dollars, and a discount of six per cent per annum, for all cash paid on sums over five dollars.

Farther particulars will be made known on the day of sale. Mr. James Cox will show the Farm.

All persons indebted to said estate, are requested to come forward and make payment immediately, and those having claims against it, are hereby notified to file their claims with us, within the time required by law, or they will be forever barred.

GEO. W. MABRY, }
JAMES COX, } *Executors.*
W. T. GIVENS. }

Knoxville, Tenn., June 14, 1837. [Jy1-5t]

FISHING TACKLE.

ANGLERS will find a good assortment of articles in this line, at J. CONROY'S Fishing Tackle Store, 52 Fulton, corner of Cliff-street. Rods and reels repaired. [Jul.]

WANTED,

FOR some of the Western Theatres, for the term of five years, three American young ladies, of unquestionable respectability, from fifteen to twenty years of age. They must be well versed in erudition, and have some knowledge of music. For such, very liberal encouragement will be given. Address, within thirty days, (post paid) to

[J24] THOS. M. GROVES, N. Y. Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Bushe, where he will continue his practice as an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur. [J10]

MEDLEY COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Medley, of first rate pedigree, fine form and size, and now two years old. For terms apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [m27]

SWEEPSTAKES, LAFAYETTE COURSE, AUGUSTA, Ga.

WE agree to run a Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old, over the Lafayette Course. Two mile heats, to come off the first week in December, 1837, as changed from the first week in January, 1838, by the Convention held in Charleston in February last, which changed the time of the annual races over the Lafayette Course, from the first week in Jan. 1838, to the first week in December, 1837. Named and closed 1st March, 1837.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. John Crowell names br. f. by Stockholder, out of the dam of Bolivia.
2. Col. Wade Hampton names Imp. b. f. by Emilius, out of Elizabeth, by Rainbow.
3. Capt. James J. Harrison names full sister to Kite.
4. Messrs. Townes & Smith names ch. c. by Bertrand, jr., out of Mary Frances.
5. John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough, dam Becca, by Marquis.
6. Lewis Lovell names ch. c. John Guedron, by Bertrand, dam Pacussia.

THE following is a Stake, closed for December, 1838; $200 entrance, half forfeit.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. Hampton names Imp. b. f. Ella, by Emilius, out of Ada, sister to Augusta.
2. Col. Paul Fitzsimmons names Imp. ch. f. by Priam, out of Delphine, by Whiskey.
3. G. Edmonson names ch. c. by Leviathan, dam by Gallatin.
4. John Morrison & Co. names ch. c. Highland Henry, by Henry, dam Highland Mary.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for 1839, sub. $500, h. ft. To name and close before the first day of October, 1837, by which there are six subscribers, 3 or more to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Col. Wade Hampton. | Robert D. Glover.
Col. Joseph H. Townes. | G. Edmonson
Col. John Crowell. | John Morrison.

SWEEPSTAKES now open for December, 1840. Entrance $1000, ft. $250. Four or more to make a race. To name and close at our next December meeting. Now three subscribers, viz.:—

Augustus H. Kenan | Col. W. Hampton | Griffin Edmonson.

Augusta, Ga., May 18, 1837. [m27] JAMES LAMKIN & Co., Proprietors.

NEW ORLEANS J. C. RACES—ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE NEW ORLEANS RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December, 1837, for the following purses.—

Four mile heats $3000, $500 to the second best horse.
Three mile heats $2000, $400 to the second best horse.
Two mile heats $1500, $300 to the second best horse.
Two mile heats, Plate, value $1000—5 year olds and under, their appropriate weight; 6 yr. olds and over, 100lbs. Liberal purses will be given for Mile heats and Mile heats best 3 in 5. Same purses will be given at the Spring meeting, the first Tuesday in April, 1838.

Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor and Treasurer.*

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, Fall meeting, 1837; to commence 1st Tuesday in December.

A Post Stake for all ages, Four mile heats; sub. $5000, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To be run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in December. To close the 1st Sept. 1837. One subscriber.—This stake will in all probability have 6 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run 1st day of the Fall meeting, 1837, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250; to name and close as above.

Spring meeting, 1838, to commence 1st Tuesday in April.

A Post Stake, P. P., for 3 year old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $1000; 5 subs. and closed.

Sweepstakes for all ages, Three mile heats; sub. $2500, ft. $1000; 3 or more to make a race. To run the Saturday previous to the first Tuesday in April. To name and close the 1st of Jan. 1838. Address Y. N. OLIVER, New Orleans.

New Orleans, May 1, 1837. [m13]

IMPORTED TRUSTEE FOR SALE.

THIS universally acknowledged fine horse is now for sale, and will be delivered on the 15th of July, when his season expires. Trustee is a short legged horse, of great power and fine form, and his late owner, Capt. Stockton, being determined to know whether he was a four mile horse, (having put all his fine mares to him,) gave him a trial last autumn, and although lame and in no condition, Trustee ran his four miles in eight minutes with his shoes on; thus proving himself to be a horse both of speed and bottom. Trustee covered a few mares last season besides his owner's, and his colts show great form, bone and blood. Trustee can be seen at the Union Course, Long Island.

April 22, 1837. [A29) W. LIVINGSTON.

A STABLE OF HORSES IN TRAINING FOR SALE.

EXPECTING to be obliged to go to Europe early in the next month on business, I would be glad to sell three valuable horses, now in training, and at this time very promising. They consist of Lady Clifden, who won all her races of the last year at 3 years old. Another fine 2 year old colt by Sussex, and a very fine 3 year old out of Grecian Princess, by Maryland Eclipse, (one of the best sons of old Eclipse), and in the great Dorsey Stakes at the Central Course.

These horses will be sold at fair prices for stock of their acknowledged value, and time would be given on a portion of their purchase, if well secured and desired. A careful and experienced trainer might also be obtained with the horses, if a sufficient inducement be held out to him. I would also sell Grecian Princess, with a Tranby colt by her side, for $2500, or Betsey Wilson, also with a Tranby colt for the same price. Application must be made early if a purchase is to be effected.

THOS. EMORY, Eastern Shore of Maryland.

P.S. For the pedigrees of my Stock *in extenso*, see the 6th vol. Turf Register, page 423.

[A15] T. E.

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE.

BY ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

VETERINARY SURGEONS.

TO THE OWNERS OF HORSES, COWS, AND DOGS.—Carter & Mills, Veterinary Surgeons, respectfully inform the public, that, having taken the Stables and Yard in Broadway, opposite Waverley Place, they intend carrying on the veterinary business in all its branches, and they hope that attention and moderate charges will entitle them to a share of patronage and support.

Sick or lame horses received at the stables at $6 per week, including medicine, attendance and keep.

Horses and Cows attended in town or country at equally moderate rates

Medicine for every disease the horse, dog, or cow is liable to, prepared and sold at the Infirmary, and advice gratis.

☞ Horses bought or sold on Commission.
☞ Horses examined, and opinion given as to soundness. [m13]

REMOVAL.

P. C. STRYKER most respectfully informs his friends and customers that he has removed over the way, to that large and commodious brick house, lately occupied by Mr. S. B. Campion. He hopes to merit the patronage of his old friends and as many new ones as he can get.

Mount Holly, N. J., March 27, 1837 [A1.]

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Seventh) of this paper was commenced on the 18th of February, 1837, being the *second* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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For one Square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion *in the paper*. . . . $5 00
For Ditto (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, *ditto*. . 1 00

Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed.

E. L. GARVIN, Printer.